

SEP 4 1918

DET

## THE RESPITE OF EUROPE

## The Nation

VOL. XXIII., No. 19.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1918.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	485	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...	497
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		POETRY:—	
The Respite of Europe ...	488	The Birds of Steel. By	499
The Camouflaged Inter-		W. H. Davies ...	
vention ...	489	The Eternal Club. By	
A Village Revolution ...	490	Osbert Sitwell ...	499
A LONDON DIARY ...	491	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	500
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		REVIEWS:—	
By an Unknown Disciple ...	493	Erasmus. By Augustine	502
New Paths in Psychology ...	494	Birrell ...	504
THE DRAMA:—		After-War Society ...	506
The Little Comedy of		The Unknowable Land ...	508
Politics. By H. W. M. ...	495	Tarr ...	508
COMMUNICATIONS:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	508
An Irish Act of Settlement.		THE WEEK IN THE CITY ...	510
By An Irish Judge ...	496		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

TOWARDS the end of last week General Mangin struck once more against the vulnerable flank of the German salient. The present week sees the results of that attack. The Germans retired "according to plan." The plan is simply to hold on to good positions as long as it is possible, having regard to the cost in men by holding and the loss of moral by evacuation. There is no other plan, and the German positions were apparently determined to stand their ground up to the beginning of the month. We pointed out last week that "the future chances of the Germans depend upon their resistance to the thrust north-eastward from Oulchy towards Braisnes." At that very moment Mangin was putting this question to the test. He attacked astride the Oulchy-Braisnes road between Le Plessier Hulen and Fère-en-Tardenois. The Germans had in the line at this point some of their best troops; but the attack was immediately successful. By noon, Hill 205, east of Grand Rozoy, had been captured, and the Allies had secured observation over the whole of the salient up to Fismes. The 18th German division was brought out to counter-attack; but the position had been too seriously weakened, and the troops retired. On the following days the Germans retreated rapidly towards the Vesle and the Aisne.

\* \* \*

ON Friday the French troops re-entered Soissons. The city seemed little the worse for the German occupation, but the cathedral has been irreparably damaged and several churches are in like case. But compared with other cities abandoned by the Germans Soissons was untouched, and the piles of collected metal testified to the hurried nature of the withdrawal. On Saturday Fismes was captured by assault by the Americans, and the French, on their right, had carried forward their line, pivoting on Reims, to the Vesle. By the same time the Allies had reached the south bank of the Aisne and Vesle from Soissons to Fismes. On Sunday the Aisne was crossed near Soissons and the Vesle near Reims. The first crossing merely secured the square loop in which St. Waast lies. The Aisne bridges had been destroyed, and the establishment of any important bridgehead across

the river was at the moment impossible. But the foothold across the river was maintained, and a lull fell upon the operations. The Allies had no suitable communications behind them for any significant extension of their great advantages, and time is of the utmost value to the Germans. Every day gained will make it the easier to evacuate their positions economically and re-establish themselves upon firmer lines.

\* \* \*

BUT their present position is as expensive as well could be. They are lying on the narrow plateau between the Vesle and the Aisne. The mark is temptation to the Allied artillery. Some parts of the plateau are under crossfire. All are under fire continually, and the Aisne bridges are also continually shelled and bombed. It has been proved over and over again that men can bear strains that seem intolerable, and so we cannot say that the Germans will retire beyond the Aisne. But while they remain where they are, the rent they pay is sufficient for the Allies' present purposes. If they go back they merely reconstitute the problem which existed before May 27th. For it must be remembered that the Germans struck at the Aisne ridges by no idle choice; but impelled by the necessity to redeem their threatened left flank. If they go back to their old position the threat materialises once again. Indeed, it is only latent now, and there are strange possibilities in the present position. It is no wonder that Ludendorff has seen fit to evacuate two positions in the same salient. While he retained the initiative they were valuable bridgeheads. Even partly overlooked they were useful while the men could be spared to maintain them. But with growing losses and the lost initiative they were better evacuated.

\* \* \*

It is possible that we may further deduce from them what were the outlines of the future German plans. The Somme salient was to be written off as an unfruitful terrain. The area was too wide to work profitably. To develop the positions there safely would have required a greater force than could be hazarded. Hence there was no purpose in maintaining positions which could not be defended against sudden strokes, and so at the Ancre and Avre the bridgeheads are abandoned. If the initiative was to be regained, the Lys salient was the place for the future struggle. There are still chances there, and twenty to thirty divisions might bring off a great success. It may be that some such reasoning motivated the German readjustments. The Germans might have attempted to relieve the pressure on the Vesle, which is infinitely more easy to hold than to evacuate, by a stroke against the Kemmel Ridge directed towards the Channel ports. For them a true decision is now almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

\* \* \*

FOR, at dawn, on Thursday, Sir Douglas Haig, with the British Fourth Army and the French First Army,

attacked the salient threatening Amiens which was formed by the first and most formidable of the German attacks last spring. News as yet is sparse. The attack appears to have been made on a front of about eighteen miles, from just south of Albert to the neighborhood of Montdidier; and both the British and French official reports announce satisfactory progress. There was a brief preliminary bombardment, and, screened by our barrage, squadrons of tanks led the infantry early in the day a mile and more into the enemy positions in some sectors. Unofficially it was reported that our troops had surmounted the plateau by Morlancourt, and were near Cerisy; and so now should be overlooking Bray-sur-Somme. If that is so, the intricate windings of the river should give us a good many prisoners, and may compel the enemy to fall back for a stand (supposing he has the time) upon a line approximate to his old positions on the Somme of July, 1916. Further south the Allied troops progressed to a line, Abancourt-Demuin-Moreuil. It is evident that a successful attack on this wide front would more than release Amiens and the Paris railway; it is clearly the logical sequence of Marshal Foch's successful counter-offensive to the east of the great salient, and Prince Rupprecht will not be able to say he was surprised without confessing incompetence.

THE Prime Minister's review of the war, spirited and interesting as a material record, lacked the spiritual quality of a really intimate survey of the situation in Europe. Some of its statistics, such as the number of miles traversed by the British Fleet during the war, savored of the arithmetic of "Answers" rather than of the calculations of statesmanship. Other figures—the statement that the total war levy of the Empire has been 8½ millions of men and that we had sunk 150 German submarines—were imposing without being fully illuminative. The lesson of the war is the use of numbers, not their existence, and what we finally want to know about the German submarines is the degree to which we have attained a continuous mastery of this type of warfare. Obviously, we have not reached this point so long as British shipbuilding fails to overtake German sinkings. And the decline of our mercantile marine will soon appear a more pertinent fact than the enforced expansion of the Navy that protects it. For the rest, Mr. George's survey was fairly balanced. Germany had still powerful forces in reserve, but having made two great miscalculations—the extent of the American reinforcement and the speed of our own recruitment—her offensive, which aimed at the separation of the armies and their destruction in detail, had totally failed of its object.

MR. GEORGE's political survey was more hesitating than his military review. His words on Russia were as woolly as the policy they fail to explain. There was no *de jure* Government in Russia. That is to say, there is a *de facto* Government with which we decline relationship for reasons which Mr. George declines to disclose. The only excuse rendered was that the Germans were acting the part of marauders, and that the Russian people resented their intrusion. Therefore the Allies are to set up a second unasked intervention. We have no intention of "interfering" with them, yet we fight and kill their troops, and occupy their territory, disregarding protests from Petrograd. Mr. George's thoughts for peace are equally hard to read. For once he rebuked Never-Endingism. The habit of some people of regarding "any effort to make peace as in itself dishonorable and treasonable to their country" was wrong, and must be "steadfastly discouraged." But it was useless to talk peace now when pan-Germanism was in power, and the more moderate Kühlmann had been "swept away." But Kühlmann fell partly because no hand in the Alliance moved to his aid. The same intransigence postpones the peace. Mr. George refused to contemplate any peace even under a League of Nations, so long as there was a danger of it deliberating under the shadow of the German sword.

But this is the moment of all others when German Liberalism and Socialism may be nerving themselves to strike that sword down, if we could convince them that it would not be wanted for Germany's defence, and that we had a plan of mutual world-assurance in being.

WE would not say a word to depreciate the genius of Marshal Foch, whom we have consistently held to be the greatest general in the war. But when the Prime Minister and others drag him in to prove the virtue which lies in unity of command we must protest. Foch was the Generalissimo on May 27th, which witnessed a greater breakdown than on March 21st. The German success was comparatively economical and instantaneous. Their rate of advance exceeded anything known on the Western Front since the first days of the war. If Foch could not prevent that defeat, how could he have prevented the defeat of March? It is stupid and unjust to a great commander to impute to him every tactical breakdown, and for the new German tactics only one axiom applies—*obsta principiis*. No skill or genius will prevent tired men giving way under certain conditions, and no skill or genius can decide aright if the intelligence supplied is faulty. Genius in a war of these dimensions cannot be judged by the standards of results obtained at Jena. Compare the blunder of Ludendorff in the recent battle with anything in Foch's career for which we can rightly hold him answerable and we see his true claim to fame. But his recent handling of the troops has shown nothing that could not have been as easily gained before he became Commander-in-Chief with a fuller measure of co-operation. And have we forgotten the first Battle of the Marne? Was that victory due to the new fetish of unity of command?

IN spite of Mr. Lloyd George's attempt to prove that the recent successes of the Allies are attributable to unity of command, his review of the war situation contained some good military points. One was the paramountcy of the Navy. Nothing indeed can change that fundamental fact. The course of the war would have been unthinkable without a supreme Navy, and if we look to America for the relief of our recent anxieties, this is only one of the many benefits we owe to the Navy. It is not so much what it does that matters. By its mere being, it conditions the development of the war. The markets of the world, and its sources of essential raw stuffs, are in the Allied power from this same factor. The British and American troops could never have taken part in a Continental war but for it; and the German General Staff is attempting the impossible in trying to smash on land the power that can only be broken at sea. The actual achievements of the Navy against the enemy's naval craft are perforce restricted to submarines; but we have sunk a great number, and there is now even a Channel ferry at work. But the increase of our shipbuilding is a military as well as a commercial problem, and we think the Government make a crucial mistake if they ignore the results of an increasing allocation of British tonnage to transport and the supply of the American troops.

THE American and Japanese manifestoes explaining the intervention in Siberia have now been published, and there is nothing in them to placate opponents of this project. The Japanese document is interesting, only in so far as it places the whole responsibility on America, and represents Japanese action as due to a wish "to fall in with the desire of the American Government." The object of the despatch of troops is said to help the Czechoslovaks in the "danger to which they are exposed." Turning to the American document, we find that it opens with a decided rejection of the main case of the Interventionists. Military intervention cannot help Russia: it is rather a proposal to make use of her: the true military policy is to concentrate on the Western Front. In short, America rejects the proposal to "reconstitute the Eastern Front." After this opening, the document goes on, with a painful want of consecution, to justify the despatch of a "few thousand" American and Japanese



troops to "help" the Tchecho-Slovaks, and guard their rear. To help them in what? To help them in their Western movement, we are told. That can only mean in their march against the positions still held by the Bolsheviks. Further, the Allies are "to steady any efforts at self-government or self-defence in which the Russians themselves may be willing to accept assistance, whether from Vladivostok or from Murmansk and Archangel." Which Russians? The "White Guards," General Horvath, and other counter-revolutionaries, will, of course, accept assistance—against the Bolsheviks.

\* \* \*

THE Note, of course, disclaims any intention of interfering in the internal affairs of Russia. But if you keep the rear, and make a base, and supply guns for the people (whether Tchechs, or Serbs, or White Guards) who are interfering, it is a sorry pretence to say that you are not interfering yourself. The news from Archangel describes what is actually war with the Soviet forces. We have silenced one of their batteries, and taken the island that defends Archangel, and occupied the port itself. We read of "White Guards"—i.e., Russian counter-revolutionary troops—fighting in the van of this advance with the Soviet troops. They must have landed under cover of our guns, probably from our ships, and morally as an integral part of our expedition. Is this what Mr. Wilson means by "steading" the efforts of Russians at self-government or self-defence? Actually, though our troops may not take a needlessly prominent part in the engagements of the civil war, it is only with their aid that White Guards can hope to deal with the Bolsheviks. Meanwhile, the departure of the Allied Embassies from Vologda seems to imply a state of war with the Soviet Government. We distrust the news which alleges that Lenin is going to Berlin and Vienna to bargain for aid, but our faintly camouflaged intervention may drive him to such a course. In spite of all, the Bolsheviks have not lost their hold on the masses. An election held at Vladivostok, with the Tchechs in control and all the Bolshevik leaders in prison, gave them 54 seats out of 100.

\* \* \*

BOTH Houses of Parliament discussed the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals for India on Tuesday. Mr. Montagu's speech was a close summary of the Report, and ended with an appeal for action now. The debate which followed showed the singular spectacle of Sir John Rees in alliance with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Cotton to welcome the scheme. The Opposition in the Lords was franker. Lord Sydenham led a gloomy and vehement attack, and Lord Salisbury gave warning for the independent Tories. Lord Curzon was ominously non-committal, refrained from one word of assent, sympathy, or congratulation, and announced that the Cabinet withholds its decision pending the arrival of further material from India. Coupled with the admission that nothing can be done this year, we are afraid this means either long delay, or a serious weakening of the scheme in order to placate the Anglo-Indian and Tory Opposition. We need only repeat Lord Islington's warning words, all the more forcible because he is a Minister, "It is incumbent on the Government, if they were not to be charged with the greatest breach of faith in the history of the Empire, to adopt a scheme of Constitutional Reform in India at the earliest possible date."

\* \* \*

If the Senate were a sensitive barometer of French opinion, its verdict against M. Malvy would be a grave symptom of reactionary drifting. In point of fact, like most indirectly elected assemblies, it reflects only the opinions of its own social world, and since it does not include a single Socialist or Labor member, it cannot even claim to speak for the working class. The result of the trial was that M. Malvy was acquitted on all the charges of treason which M. Daudet brought against him. It was from these charges that the whole panic started which carried M. Clemenceau into power. On the other hand, the Senate has found him guilty of negligence, in his capacity as Minister of the Interior,

in his handling of certain spies and suspects. The voting was 101 to 81, and the figures suggest a division on party lines, the Right and the Centre voting against the Left. In the Chamber the balance would have gone the other way. The penalty is banishment for five years, but without the loss of civic status. Thus the Right does to M. Malvy what the Left, eighteen years ago, did to M. Déroulède, with this difference, that while the latter had tried openly and defiantly to overthrow the Republic, the present victim is guilty only of the kind of negligence which our "Ginger Groups" have attributed to every Home Secretary in turn. Passions must run high when a fallen Minister is thus pursued after relinquishing office. The result is a personal triumph for M. Clemenceau, and will, unless the Chamber rallies, confirm the system of intimidation by which he rules.

\* \* \*

HERR BALLIN, of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, has resigned from the Economic Council for Central Europe. The news is of the first importance, for it presumably means that in the judgment of the most influential of German merchant princes, the speedy projects of an "Eastern Peace" cannot be reconciled with Germany's future position in the world. Hamburg, with its mind fixed on overseas trade, had always been cold to the Central Europe idea, and Herr Ballin now states that the whole conception is "a hindrance to the peace which Germany needs." The material argument is obvious. German exports used to go 32 per cent. to the East, and 68 per cent. South, North, and West. If, as the Council suggested, this proportion must now be reversed, it is clear that German shipping would suffer. Herr Ballin's, however, is not a narrow mind. Early in the war he declared for a great reduction of armaments ("the ending of the fever of armaments"). With his knowledge of England and America, we may suppose that he now realizes that Germany will not be restored to the economic family of nations, if the cruel Eastern peace is upheld. He has, or had, great influence with the Kaiser, and his firm stand may impress others—especially after the second retreat from the Marne.

\* \* \*

LORD BEAVERBROOK's method of conducting the Ministry of Information should be read in the light of Mr. Leif Jones's exposure of it. Lord Beaverbrook's notion of exhibiting the ideas of the country is to show its money-making power. Thus, his "directors" of information include the owners or managers of banks, electric power companies, and undertakings in gas, railways, newspapers, rubber, insurance, iron, steel, Pullman cars, ships, and tobacco. These gentlemen do not merely distribute the "information"; they produce it. For what ultimate purpose this network of commercialism has been stitched together Lord Beaverbrook alone can tell. But who allowed this unknown and rather sinister figure to collect this special type of "literary" agent? And who permitted him to use his control of commerce in order to fix trade relationships after the war on a Protectionist basis? One of his films shows two German soldiers in the act of dashing to the ground a Frenchwoman with a baby in her arms. The next shows the same men as bagmen palming German pans on an English village. The housewife turns the pan upside-down and reveals the damning device, "Made in Germany." This may be good business for English pots and pans; but we suspect it would make nine British soldiers out of ten blush for their Government. Mr. Leif Jones suggested that a future development of the Ministry was to be an official newspaper for the Army. With an election coming on, such an organ must rank as propaganda, not for the war, but for the Government. The abuse would be colossal; but so is the whole theory and practice of the Ministry of Information. The Foreign Office is the proper source for all such efforts. Lord Beaverbrook is not a cultured man, and he is not a proper head of any literary or semi-literary organization. But at least he should be put under Mr. Balfour, who, with all his faults, does know how to write and to think.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE RESPITE OF EUROPE.

It is a very grave reflection that the long and bloody road that the nations are treading seems to be leading anywhere but to peace. The year opened disastrously for the Allies: all agreed that peace was farther off than ever. Disaster gave place to striking victories on the Italian and the French fronts. But the remoteness of peace was still the theme of every journalist's pen. The reason is not that our successes are illusory. On the contrary, Mr. Churchill holds that the reality of the war, as compared with its appearance, points clearly to a German defeat. Nevertheless, he is convinced that to think of peace is to set the seal of vanity on our enormous sacrifices. We are not even to try to mint our gains into political coin. Until the knock-out blow is complete, there must be no thought of terms with Germany—not even an attempt to probe her mind and discover the impact on it of the double failure of her Western offensive. In Lord Rothermere's eyes, again, the war is not much more than half concluded. There must be three years more of it, and we must fix our final contribution in the shape of a debt of thirteen thousand millions. Thus the politicians fix in the minds of the soldiers the notion that whatever they do, nothing is done. And yet their one suggestion is that only the soldiers can ever do anything. The war has produced one great political event—the Russian Revolution. Its reaction on the Western Front was instantaneous, and it has proved to be one of the most morally disintegrating incidents in the war. Our political materialists first neglected and then abused it. Austria wavered in her alliance with Germany, and in her distress threw out unmistakable signals to us. They were rebuffed, and only the stern fate of obliteration from the Book of States was held out to her. We boast, and with justice, that the Alliance is linked up with ideas of penetrating depth and significance. But we either fail to resort to them, or we play with them (as in the case of the League of Nations) with an almost childish superficiality, or, again, we debase them into the coinage of revenge. Even when our people are addressed, it is in the dialect of the color-sergeant. "Carry on!" "Hold fast!" "Keep in step," are the mottoes. "Hold fast" for what? "For security," said Lord Grey. "For a rational world-order," say the Labor Party. "Till we have beaten Germany to a frazzle," says Mr. Churchill. And, unfortunately for us, it is Mr. Churchill and Mr. George, not Lord Grey and the Labor Party, who direct the war.

Now this is Never-Endianism, and until some force in England—an awakened Liberal Party, or a combination of Democrats and Moderates—advances the true conception of the fight as a political effort to bring Germany to reason, not a brute tussle to reduce her to vassalage, and uses all means, economic and political means no less than military ones, to achieve this end, Lord Rothermere's prophecy of a seven years' war will be a brief measure of the struggle. For what must happen? Just now we are in a good position, for we have all but brought Germany's offensive war to an end. She is back, or she will soon be back, on the Aisne. The wheel has thus come full circle. Germany's military skill, concentrated in a supreme effort, after four full years of experiment, is seen to be equal to little more than the maintenance of the defensive positions she assumed when the war was a few weeks old. The intervention of America, unexpectedly prompt and powerful as it now seems to be, and capable of indefinite development, bars

all reasonable likelihood that military Germany will ever stand on firmer ground than she stands to-day, while the economic balance has already turned conclusively against her. That, if you please, is deadlock. But it is an anti-German deadlock. The danger against which we in turn must guard is the political one of producing a pro-German deadlock. Our one interest is in killing the conception of force. But the Never-Endian theory always approaches the point when it threatens the whole German life-conception, good and bad. It is not enough to oppose to Germany's military ambition the really magnificent spectacle of a world in arms against it. The Never-Endians insist on turning this embattled host into an instrument of war on Germany's industrial genius, the spirit of restless expansiveness in work that made the British Empire. Mr. Lloyd George, indeed, said plainly that he would make Germany smart for a prolonged resistance, and punish her economically through the ensuing peace. But if Germany thinks that her trade will be starved after the war, she will go on fighting. Thus Pan-Germanism gets its second wind. Such an attitude maintains the war whenever it begins to look bad for Germany, by making it look a little better in comparison with a peace of trade boycotts. In this fashion, we diminish the natural attraction of peace for the non-fanatical German no less than for the war devotee. But no statesman has a right to give peace a vindictive air. Peace should be a blessed release from war, not a kind of war (a horribly unjust one) on the generation that succeeds the war-makers.

Who will deliver us from the body of death to which these falsities tie the generous no less than the sordid spirit of our time? We sometimes think that the mere appeal to reason, such as we try to conduct week by week in this paper, will not suffice. So long as the world lives in the zone of frozen feeling the war engenders, it seems unable to picture the finer moral landscape of peace. But given the actual character of modern war, that is a mood of singularly unimaginative selfishness. The punishment of Germany is not the sole concern of Mr. George and M. Clemenceau. That is also the affair of God and the Germans. Their prime concern is with the future of France and England, or more closely still, with the future of young France and young England. A national debt of thirteen thousand millions is one monument of an unduly and unnaturally prolonged war. But debt is tribute, and tribute is slavery. Who will be the slaves? The soldiers. The survivors of the terrible, soul-racking experiences of a ferocious war. In the main the children of five years ago, the boys who have never given a vote or a thought to politics. Statesmen have not the right to pass a sentence of death, or one of life servitude, on the flower of the nation, quit as it is of responsibility for the errors or the crimes it has given its body to redeem. And this forced surrender of youth's all can only be justified, if at all, when the leaders of the community know for certain that their enemy still stands solid for a policy of European enslavement, and have the power to enforce it. But they do not know this. Their own statements of our war aims are little better than a catena of contradictions, and they never seriously seek to explore those of Germany. Indeed, Mr. Taft directly, and the "Morning Post" and Mr. Churchill indirectly, have said that it does not matter what terms Germany proposes, what surrender of her wicked past she may contemplate. She is not to be dealt with until she has suffered the kind of military defeat that her opponents judge to be finally crushing. All the time that this war of general exter-



mination was going on, she might be willing to give France Alsace-Lorraine, and Italy the Trentino, and to restore Belgium and Serbia.\* Still she must be fought to an absolute standstill. That is the policy which we describe as a sentence of death on young Europe. What man, what party, will arise to pronounce her respite?

### THE CAMOUFLAGED INTERVENTION.

THERE are limits to the capacity of the human mind for indignation, and most of us ceased long ago to meet the successive horrors, moral and physical, of this war, with an adequate emotional response. The physical horrors, from the Babylonish captivity of the Belgians down to the sinking of the last hospital ship, are the German speciality. The moral evils have a reality for us because they contradict the ideals we had formed for our side; conspicuous among them are the many violations of civil liberty in our own country, in America, and in France, the denial of Irish self-government, and the threat of Irish Conscription. To that list we must now add the intervention of the Allies in Russia, with America's reluctant participation. We know too little of the intimate diplomacy of the Entente to estimate the full force of the pressure to which Mr. Wilson has yielded. The leading advocate of this policy was France, and we question whether the French Foreign Office has been, in this war, even as relatively well informed as our own. It was French diplomacy which hurried the entry of unready Roumania into the war, gave largesse to the Ukrainian Rada on the eve of its treason, and "recognised" the "White" pro-German Governments of Finland. The policy of intervention in Siberia comes from the same active mint of illusions. The "New Republic" hints that Mr. Wilson could not indefinitely oppose both the alternative wishes of France. Since he must resist the idea of a peace at the expense of Russia, he has chosen the lesser side of intervention. Let us hope that it is the lesser evil. Peace at the expense of Russia would have meant further loss of territory. Finland, Poland, and Ukraina are lost in any event by the evident will of their inhabitants. The loss, which would at the worst be due solely to German violence and Russian weakness, would have covered the Baltic provinces, Lithuania, the Crimea. That is a very heavy loss, and it would be shameful in the Allies to tolerate it. None of this is, however, racially Russian country, and if we were Russians, we would rather, if the worst came to the worst, suffer this territorial loss than the restoration of Tsardom. That, unhappily, is what intervention, by one chain of events or another, may in the end involve. There are few events possible in this war comparable to the gain to humanity from the fall of the Romanoffs, and we can imagine many successes in the future which would fail to compensate the world for their restoration.

This gloomy foreboding may seem an unduly hasty anticipation. Let us try to understand what is proposed. The American Note is not a felicitous document. One had rather that Washington had left the whole responsibility to others than tried to argue that it is consistent with the "sovereignty" of Russia to send invading forces on to its soil against the will of the *de facto* government. As regards Siberia, only two purposes are avowed (1) to guard the stores at Vladivostok, and (2) to "safeguard the country to the rear of the westward-

moving Tchecho-Slovaks." The former purpose is unimportant, and was already assured by the Japanese and British naval contingents which landed many months ago. The notion of protecting the Tchecho-Slovaks is singular, for this capable force of forty to sixty thousand men is opposed only by seven thousand German Socialist ex-prisoners, and appears, if we trust the news, to be everywhere triumphant. It is to be "safeguarded" in moving "westwards," i.e., into the heart of Russian territory. What right has it to move in that direction? This little army has had a romantic history. It is composed of Austrian Slavs (chiefly Tchechs, and partly Poles and Serbs), who deserted during the war, joined the Russian army before the first revolution, and were organised under Russian officers of the old régime. After the second revolution its chance of fighting Austria on the old front was gone, and it wished to travel to the Western Front by way of Vladivostok. The Bolshevik Government did not oppose this wish, but Trotsky foolishly insisted that it must travel unarmed. It objected to that stipulation, got into touch with the Cossack counter-revolutionary leaders, and possibly, as the Bolshevik Press asserts, with the Western Allies. It resisted disarmament, and at first proposed, like Xenophon at the head of his ten thousand Greek mercenaries in Persian service, to fight its way to the coast. It met the ill-organised Bolshevik forces, easily routed them, and with success its ambitions grew. It now seemed to aim, in concert with the Russian counter-revolution, at destroying the Bolsheviks. It was not its danger, but its success, which stimulated the waning agitation for intervention. Its success proved that the Bolshevik power is militarily very weak. The Bolsheviks had invariably defeated the Cossacks under Kaledin, Korniloff, Dutoff, and Alexieff, chiefly, we believe, because the poorer Cossack peasants always went over at the critical moment to the side of the Soviets. But the Red Guards are evidently no match for disciplined and resolute troops. The plan is no longer to win a clear way out. It is to open up the whole line of the Siberian railway from Vladivostok west to Omsk, and south to Samara and the Volga region. What will happen next we do not know. Presumably the supremacy of the Omsk Government (a coalition of Cadets, with some Social Revolutionaries) will be established, or possibly that of the openly Monarchist General Horvath. The appearance of "interference" may be avoided, in the sense that the Tchecho-Slovaks will do all the interfering and all the actual smashing of the Bolsheviks, while the Americans and Japanese will guard their rear. This is sorry "camouflage," and one resents such trifling as an insult to one's intelligence.

But, after all, it will be said, the Bolsheviks ruled only by terror. If with all the millions of Russia behind them, they cannot defeat two or three divisions of scattered foreign troops on their own soil, it must be because the millions of Russia do not choose to rally to them. The argument looks plausible, but it cuts both ways. If Russia is still loyal at heart to Kerensky, or Miliukoff, or the Romanoff family, how came it that these millions failed to rally to them? Kerensky failed pitifully to make a fight. No one lifted a hand to save the Constituent Assembly. No one rallied to Kaledin or Alexieff. The Soviet elections (which, of course, exclude the small Russian middle-class from the polls) show no decline in the hold of the Bolsheviks on the masses. They are, it may fairly be said, irregular. Then let us take the latest test. At Vladivostok the Tchechs deposed the Soviet, and locked up the Bolshevik Councillors. The counter-revolutionary Provisional Government then held an election in the old way, on the old register, by

\* See Mr. Taft's speech at the recent meeting of the American League to Enforce Peace.

proportional representation. In spite of the fact that the Bolshevik leaders were in prison, and the Bolshevik "machine" smashed in conditions which must have depressed Bolshevik prestige to the lowest level, the Bolsheviks secured a small majority of 54, against the 46 mandates which fell to all the other parties. And yet it was never supposed that the hold of the Bolsheviks on Siberia was nearly so strong as their hold on Central Great Russia. The test has gone against intervention, but there is no sign of yielding to the test. On the contrary, the "Times" correspondent declares that the imprisoned Bolshevik Councillors will not be released, and the Mayor, of course, cannot be recognized. Thus do we make democracy secure. At the other end of the map the case is, if possible, rather worse. Here we went in at the invitation of the President of the local Murman Soviet, who bargained for a share of our Army rations, and something over, politely called "financial assistance." Thereupon, all the other thirty-five Soviets of Northern Russia disowned him, and outlawed him, and proclaimed resistance to our invasion. In concert with a body of Russian Counter-Revolutionary "White Guards," we are now actually fighting the Soviet of Archangel, and British, French, and, we suppose, American troops, may be shooting our late Allies down. There are certainly no Germans at Archangel, and we gravely doubt if there are any near the Murman Coast. We are invading a neutral country, and assailing men who are defending their revolutionary freedom. We are doing, in short, what the Germans have done from Finland to Odessa.

It is unlikely that the Soviets will oppose a resolute or effective resistance to either of these Allied invasions. The fact is that Russia, as Kerensky said long ago, is worn out. She counts, it is said, twenty million casualties and five million deaths in this war. Hers was never a military people, and to-day, in the midst of starvation, cholera, and material collapse, she has neither the will nor the means to fight. These millions will not fight, either for Lenin or Kerensky, either against the Germans or the Allies. When Cadets and Kerenskists talk of renewing the war, we must place some discount on their eloquence. If they cannot fight Lenin, they certainly cannot fight Germany. They can only call on us to do both. We gather from the American Note that as yet there is no idea of fighting Germany on this front. They (the enemy) must be Lenin. We are no partisans of that violent but powerful personality, but, on the whole, we think he more nearly stands for the Russian masses, even now, than any other leader. They wanted peace, at any price: he got it. They wanted land, at no price at all: he took it. We do not believe that the Russian masses care much for any constitutional issue, or at all for any questions of world-policy, or social theory. They do care for the land. That is the one direction in which democracy in Russia knows its mind and has a will. Our Press marvels that Lenin's Government survives in spite of all the humiliations and losses from Brest onwards. On the contrary, it is triumphant. It has got the land, and for the peasant nothing else matters. It is from this fundamental issue that we argue to the probable restoration of Tsardom. Two forces count in Russia. One is the unorganized, ignorant, apathetic peasantry, which will not fight so long as it holds something worth fighting for. The other is the propertied class, infinitely less capable of organization than our own, but still more capable than the peasants. It must recur to some form of monarchy, because pure republican democracy would mean that the confiscation of the land must be upheld. Generals Horvath and Gourko, M. Rodzianko (late Speaker of the old Duma), and most of the Cadets are openly for the monarchy. Even the much more progressive Omsk Government has declared that it means to restore the landed proprietors. It will have to restore monarchy also, if it does that. On the whole we think it probable that the Germans will be before us. They will restore monarchy long before we reach Moscow. We should, on the whole, as a question of aesthetics, prefer that that kind of international morality horror came from its natural home in Berlin. But how, when that happens, and a German Tsardom once more organizes Russia, will that help us to win the war?

## A VILLAGE REVOLUTION.

A DOCUMENT of great interest and significance lies buried in an Appendix to the Report just presented to the Ministry of Reconstruction by the Agricultural Policy Committee. If it had been given to the world five years ago by some Radical Committee, it would have provoked a storm not less violent than the storm that raged around the heads of the reformers who conducted the Land Inquiry. Yet it is the work of three respectable Conservatives, and the guiding and moving spirit is none other than Lord Milner.

If the reader wants to appreciate the importance of the proposals outlined in this Appendix (pp. 118, 299, Cd. 9079), he should study them side by side with Lord Milner's evidence as summarized in the supplementary volume (on p. 46 of Cd. 9080). He will then have before him a striking picture of modern village life. "A Study of the Ordnance map of an ordinary village," says Lord Milner, "reveals the fact that it has been built on haphazard lines, every man studying his own interest irrespective of that of his neighbor's. Thus, we find cottages crowded together without gardens, allotments non-existent or far remote from the village, and green fields actually inside the village occupied as parts of large farms. There is no land available for small ownership, for plots, on which the villagers might supplement their wages or other earnings by growing fruit or vegetables, or keeping bees or poultry. There is no common for cows or horses. There is no playground for the children except the highway (no longer safe as a playground). A knowledge of the inhabitants shows that many of them work on the land for wages which never vary from youth to old age—a veritable blind alley . . . the whole life is dull and dreary. Milk in hundreds of gallons is produced in the parish, but it all goes to London and other big towns. The inhabitants are lucky if they are allowed to buy skim milk from a sympathetic farmer, and even then they must go to the back door or fetch it." We are reminded of Cobbett's outburst as he rode through a West-country village about the produce that was carried away "to be devoured by the idlers, the thieves, and the prostitutes, who are all tax-eaters in the wens of Bath and London."

This is a picture drawn in colors that were thought too harsh and sombre when some of us made use of them five or ten years ago. But Lord Milner goes still further in his concessions to our discontents. Not satisfied with denouncing the state of our villages, he puts his accusing finger on the enclosures. "In order to understand how such a state of things came about, and at the same time to find a way out of it, we must carry our minds back to the Enclosure Acts of a century or more ago. The shape in which the land was left by these Acts was presumably that which best suited the conditions of the time and the interests of the large proprietors, who were then politically all powerful. But circumstances have altered since those days, and ideas have altered. The distribution of political power has also altered. The time has come when we must contemplate a re-enclosure, which will take account of present conditions, and which will not regard the interest, real or supposed, of a particular class, but will make the land more generally useful to the whole community." Some of the landlords, who remember Lord Milner's vehemence as a "damn-the-consequences" champion of the House of Lords in its defence of the landlord interest will rub their eyes. What has happened to him? Has he left the Land Union for the Red Van of the Land Restoration League?

We will venture on an explanation. Psychoanalysts tell us that the chief cause of irritability in a nervous patient is the conflict between his ordinary consciousness and his sub-consciousness; it means that he is trying to suppress certain emotions, and he pushes them into his sub-consciousness in the effort to escape from them. In the old days Lord Milner was a very irritable controversialist. Nobody used such impatient phrases or such a fractious style. In his encounters with C.-B. he was at a disadvantage, not only because he was defending a bad policy but also because C.-B.'s traditional good temper gave a special power to his indignation. The



reason was, we suspect, that in his ordinary consciousness Lord Milner was dominated by the Conservative world into which he had passed. His Imperialist, bureaucratic temper, soured by failure, had brought him into the coterie of the backwoodsmen, men who were ready to defend the extreme pretensions of class at all costs. But all the time the tradition of his old friendship with Toynbee lingered in his sub-conscious self; a questioning and discordant emotion, and consequently his temper was embittered by this sense of smothered conflict. The war has come, and it has shaken his whole nervous organization, with the result that that tradition has emerged from his sub-consciousness, and instead of trying to stifle it, he accepts it and acts upon it. Thus, the man who wanted to die in the last ditch for the landlords is found talking like his old teacher about the wrongs of the class that suffered from the landlords' enclosures. Lord Milner is in fact an example of an experience which is probably very common, for the war, like any violent disturbance of habit, produces a new balance of power in our emotions and guiding impulses. That is why it is so difficult to speculate on the future of civilization.

Lord Milner suggests that the evils resulting from the old enclosures should be corrected by a "form of re-enclosure." Any village should be allowed to ask for reconstruction through its Parish Council. The Board of Agriculture would then send down a *valuer* (*nomen infandum*) who would report on the parish, showing how it might be improved in respect of small occupying ownerships, gardens, allotments, small holdings, cottages, cow commons, horse commons, recreation grounds, &c. The publication of this report would be followed by an inquiry, held by an inspector of the Board of Agriculture, after which a scheme would be prepared. The County Agricultural Committee would be responsible for carrying out the scheme, and the Parish Council for administering it when completed. The cost would fall on those who benefit by it. The scheme is open to criticism in detail. Much of it strikes one as rather crude; much of it is clearly inadequate. It would be a mistake to leave the initiative to the Parish Council, which is too often under the power of the very farmers whose land will be wanted for common pasture or for the village cricket field. Obviously, any such scheme means nothing less than a great policy of town-planning to be applied to our villages. We ought to be able to say within five years or ten years of the peace that there is no village which is overcrowded, where the cottages have not decent gardens, where there are not ample commons for grazing, playing fields, village institutes with concert rooms, cinemas, rooms where co-operators or trade unionists can meet, a central telephone, adequate arrangements for travelling libraries, and universal supply of milk, water, and electricity. For initiating such a scheme we must not rely too much on bureaucratic administration. We must make the County Agricultural Committees democratic and representative, and we must use them. All schemes have broken down in the past because local power was entirely in the hands of the classes that did not wish those schemes to succeed. With the creation of Agricultural County Committees and Wage Boards we have a new opportunity, for we can set up new representative bodies that will include all the interests in the life of the village and the county town. The experience of the war has taught us the value of the principle of direct representation of bodies that speak for some social or industrial unit, employers' organizations, trade unions, co-operators, and we can use the experience to create a new centre of power and responsibility. But if the actual scheme needs a good deal of amendment and expansion, it has a real importance as a new approach to the baffling problem of agrarian reconstruction. There is a great deal to be said for taking the village as the starting point, and for considering, first of all, not the needs of this or that class, but the needs of the village as a living society. In no other way are we so likely to get the several elements of the rural problem into their true perspective, or to understand how wide a sweep our ambitions should take for the future.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE history of the Lloyd George programme has been hinted at, but Mr. George's policies are like serial "shockers"; they exhaust their sensations by degrees. The existing stage is embryonic; the refreshing fruits are in blossom only. But enough has been disclosed to disquiet the Tories; and there has been a clear movement of revolt. Hence the letting loose of the "Times," the hint of a Cabinet purge, and the rest of it. I do not doubt that the resisters will be crushed, or out-generalled, and the running forced for a General Election as early in the winter as possible, so as to avoid the period of inaction at the Front and the miseries of a coal shortage. The difficulties in the way of a khaki election are frightful, and no sober mind really approves. But that is a matter in which a Minister who in legislation is much more the servant of his Cabinet than its master can (with an assenting Sovereign) really dictate to his colleagues. Mr. George sees the irresistible momentum towards a new Parliament which the completion of the register will give. And he means to strike with all his force into the torrent.

As for Protection, the parts seem to be marked out with a little more delicacy. It is the old game over again. Mr. George plays Balfour; Mr. Law, Chamberlain. Mr. George is pushed from behind; bridles a little, coquettes, and yields. But I see no great career for Preferences. The entrance of America into the war alliance practically kills a colonial policy; and when I was last in Paris I was speedily made aware of the vehemence of French resistance to it. Mr. George's alternative is far worse. He is more distinctly addicted to the plan of a solid after-war Allied block, inevitably anti-German. This grouping destroys all idea of a League of Nations, and therefore of all-round disarmament as the fruit of a peace of safety. If Mr. George meant that we should strike in now when Germany's hopes are falling fast, and tell her that the Open Door for her is the price of Europe's security from the bedevillments of her warfare, we should all applaud him. But that is not his thought at all. Germany is to be punished, not for refusing to abate her militarism after the war, but for her stubbornness in fighting. That is a petty policy, which leans all the while to the old Protection, with sloth and cunning for its main supports. And it is as cruel as it is stupid. For in effect it says to the soldiers, "You are fighting so that your clothes and goods shall cost you more."

As to the state of parties, I think a progressive journalist only does his duty when he expresses the fear lest the Liberals should go into battle virtually unled. A party is led through two channels—Parliament and the constituencies. In Parliament the Liberal Front Bench acts either intermittently or not at all (not a single Front Bench man took part in the debate on the League of Nations), and in the constituencies the truce with the Government prevents it from acting. Yet there is an incessant call for thought and for action. The Front Bench answer to the first is an occasional reading from the book of the Prophet Samuel. Answer to the second there is none. Yet every

Liberal worth his salt wants to see his leaders shaking the country out of the dream of madness and ruin, which is the knock-out blow, into a world in which they can realize their political faith. The Liberal thought is one of peace attained through a change of the world-order or the world-method. But every hour brings some fresh assault on Liberal ideas. Home Rule, Free Trade, civic liberty, the representative principle, are all dropping out of the national scheme of government, and even of its political thought. And the commercial Liberal sees that the prolongation of the war compromises the commercial future of the country. Our shipping declines, America's increases; the other day, for example, I saw that the British flag had ceased to fly on the trade routes between North and South America. Yet no Liberal leader ever hints at such possibilities, or states his principles in terms of modern politics. So with reconstruction. I believe that an effort at connected thinking is being made, and will shortly be proclaimed. But the Labor Party is already in the field, and naturally advertises itself as the party of the future. And it is the relationship to Labor which, next to the war, invokes most searchings of heart. I am sure that many thousands of Liberal votes are undetermined. They may go to the old party or to Labor. All depends on the imaginative appeal. The more finely apprehensive minds look into the future, and would fain discover some force fit to hold men together, renew and re-establish the industrial order, and save society from despair, and from the impatience of revolutionary thought. Where is it to come from?

Let there be no mistake about war-feeling. The British are a stout folk; they don't easily surrender to an enemy, and the loyalty to the fighting men is unshaken. Wages are good; and thousands of habitually ill-fed folk have enjoyed a few months of comparative plenty. But there are other influences. The mass of men and women live untouched by the malice of the idealogues of war. They think war wicked, and a forty-parson power will not convince them to the contrary. And people who have had their boys home from the front, and have to send them back to a hell which looks like lasting for ever, know what these death-devoted youths want. Conscription, too, is a horrible oppression, especially for the older men. Beyond all doubt, thousands of utterly unfit people are being physically and economically ruined, owing to the way in which the later Service Acts have been administered. A doctor tells me that he has seen fifty cases of phthisis among the recent recruits. But the Army authorities have made a rule, without any scientific authority, that inherent bacillus has to be found before they will admit a case of phthisis, though in fact the disease can go on for months without a discoverable trace of the tubercle bacillus. Such people are both useless and infectious. Yet they abound in the camps, together with boys and men suffering from all sorts of debilities, anæmia, epilepsy, immature development, all of them required to live a life which demands a full measure of manly vigor. One such man, says my friend, was called up a week after an operation for appendicitis. The knowledge of these things spreads far and wide, and the people feel them. The general political moral is that the popular mood, usually expressed with the simple moderation which is the characteristic of our folk, is for an early, but a good peace—a peace by consent. Only let Liberal statesmen give this mood expression, and Liberalism will have a chance for the future. I confess I see little sign of any such intention.

I SEE that Sir Edward Carson denies that the Government have approached him with a request to help them to a surrender of Ulster arms. This may be literally true. But is it not a fact that at an earlier period of the war, when there was a great and alarming scarcity of rifles, such an approach was made to Sir Edward—and was refused?

I CANNOT but hope that the Government will concede to Mrs. Skeffington leave to return to Ireland. Remembering what the character of her tragedy was, it would seem to be only decent for our Administration to allow her to return to Ireland and carry on her educational work—which is all she asks. When she left New York she was given passports from our Military Control Department, and told that, though a separate passport was necessary for Ireland, owing to new regulations, it was only a temporary matter. But since she landed at Liverpool, though her child, a boy of nine, was allowed to go to Ireland, she herself has been refused leave, and cannot rejoin him. Surely this is not an action which a humane Government can defend against Mrs. Skeffington.

My Irish correspondent writes:—

"If it were worth while to deal with minutiae one could make hay of Shortt's recent speeches on the attitude of the Executive towards Gaelic sports and the language movement. He admits that the police misinterpreted the proclamation in two or three instances, and interfered against the Government's intentions. The instances are far more numerous, but the admission throws a significant light upon the attitude that the police executive take up automatically and as a matter of course towards the people. A few days before Mr. Shortt disclaimed any intention of interfering in such meetings, when no question of politics was involved, the Gaelic Athletic Association had determined to fight the matter out, and fixed last Sunday as a Gaelic Sunday, on which Gaelic matches were to be played, in any event, all over the country. There were twenty-two fixtures for Dublin alone that day. Mr. Shortt's statement prevented any development in that situation, and the hurlers swung their camáns and the footballs were kicked without serious injury to the peace of our Lord the King."

APROPOS of my reference to Mr. Marriott's novel, "The Dewpond," Mr. Garfield Howe writes me:—

"I read with a pleasant little shock of surprise your paragraph in praise of Mr. Charles Marriott's novel, 'The Dewpond.' For have I not been commending his books to all and sundry, in and out of season, these past five years? For me there is no present-day novelist of equal gifts and attainments whose work has won so little of the recognition it deserves. Your words exactly hit off the qualities which distinguish his best books. They have on me just that unexplainable *exciting* quality, and the process of reading 'the unspoken thought that precedes the spoken word' is an unending delight. I hope you have now followed up your belated reading of 'The Dewpond' with 'Subsoil,' 'The Catfish,' and 'The Unpetitioned Heavens' (all published 1912-1914). 'Now!' (1910) seemed to mark a definite turning point in Mr. Marriott's development, though I have found almost equally good work in the earlier novels which succeeded his over-boomed first book, 'The Column.' His 'Davenport' (1915) is surely absolutely a great novel—but why does it remain his last? While awaiting its successor, Mr. Marriott's admirers have to be content with his art-criticism, which is perhaps the most intelligent and constructive art-criticism of the day. But this does not entirely compensate us for the novels he might be giving us. I wish he might be persuaded that he has the gifts—modernity, sympathy, and balance—which are so much needed by the novelists who would interpret these present difficult times."

A WAYFARER.



## Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

THE valley of Jehoshaphat is so deep that a man can scarce climb up or down on his hands and feet, and on its other side the road comes steep and narrow from the Mount of Olives to the Brook Kedron. It was high sunset when I crossed the stream, and began to clamber up the hill between the gnarled trunks of the olive trees. The garden of Gethsemane was sunk in silence. I heard no voice, I saw no one, and, despite myself, I slackened my pace and steadied my breathing. In such a quiet the tumult and evil of the city was but a dream. God himself might walk in that stillness and beauty in the cool of the evening.

Near the top of the mountain, where the olive trees fall away and the rough stone wall follows the bend of the hill, I came out into the open. The sun was setting and the evening shadows lay on the land. To the East, beyond the bald grey slopes of the Wilderness, the Mountains of Moab were deepening into amethyst and purple, and in the abyss the bright blue of the Dead Sea darkened into black. The glow in the west dyed the towers of Jerusalem rose-red, and spilt on the flat rocks outside the walls as if a fire burnt over them. In the clear light it seemed that one might throw a stone into the Courts of the Temple, but no sound from within the City floated over to this height. It was a land barren and desolate, but beautiful with an exceeding great beauty. For a moment I stood, forgetting my mission, lost in the glory before me, and then I felt a hand laid on my shoulder and, turning, I saw Jesus. At the sight of his face my welfare passed away as a cloud, and misery possessed my soul. An immense loneliness lay upon him, and in his eyes was desolation. Seeing my distress he bent and kissed me, and, his hand still on my shoulder, asked after my well-being, but I could not answer, for I remembered his danger, and shame was upon me.

"Jesus," I stammered, "I have come to warn you. I have seen Caiaphas, and you must flee."

His grip tightened on my shoulder.

"Whither shall I flee?" he asked. "Can a man flee from the Will of God? If I go up to Heaven he is there, if I descend to Hell, is he not there also?" and at that I knew I should not prevail.

"It is death if you stay," I whispered.

"God is our Guide even unto Death," he answered, and then a great trembling fell upon him, so that he shook beside me, and I trembled too, afraid to speak.

"God has forsaken me," he cried. "I have fallen out of the knowledge of his purpose, and the fear of death is upon me. I pray, but there is no answer. I cry, but no one hears. I am shut out of the world of the spirit. I wander in desolate places, and cannot find my way."

The sweat broke out on his face, and I, sick at heart at his woe, could only hold my peace and listen, helpless.

"My soul is full of trouble, but what can I say? I have prayed to God to save me, but it may be for his purpose that I have come to this hour. He gave me command what to say and in what words to speak, and I have given the message. If I must die I obey, for in obedience to him is the life of the ages. But I am in fear."

I loved him so that it seemed as if the barrier set between soul and soul broke suddenly, and there came upon me a wide rushing in of waters as his desolation rolled itself over me.

"Is there no way of escape? Must you die?" I cried, but he answered:

"The gifts of God cannot be cast away. If he gives death, shall I not take it?" And then he cried out with a loud and bitter cry:

"I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst. I have poured out my soul, and no man heeds. Oh, my people, what have I done that you will not love me? What more ought I to do? My soul grieves for

you because you are blind in your hearts, but in what have I afflicted you that you will not see?"

The sweat poured down his face, and he wiped it off with his sleeve.

"I have shown men the way of Life, but they will not have me as their king. They have chosen hate, not love, and how shall I save them from the agony that must come upon them? They know not what they do. It is not me they reject, but God."

When he had said this he went forward and stood and leaned his hand on the wall, looking out over the Wilderness. The deep blue of the Dead Sea was black now, and grey clouds covered the Mountains of Moab. The red glow still lingered over Jerusalem. Then it too died away, and darkness was upon us.

Jesus stood there silent, watching the color die from the earth, and I stood behind him, silent, also waiting. When he spoke again I saw he was far from me.

"It is defeat," he said. "Even those whom God has given me have not seen my meaning. I am to be reckoned among the lawless. Nevertheless, the world is not left without a judge, for when men understand the message they will judge themselves, and in sorrow will unite to bring the kingdom to pass. Hate cannot be triumphant. It is too feeble. It has none save itself to rejoice in victory. But love, being born of God, is strong and courageous to suffer. I fail, but others will conquer, for God yet liveth."

A tawny owl swept out from under the dark trees, and swooped past into the valley seeking its meat. Jesus watched its flight, and then he said:

"The world is beautiful, and it is hard to die. I have seen death come to other men, and now it comes to me. I cannot turn aside that fear. It is a way that all must pass," and then he turned to me and said:

"I go apart alone. No man can help me now, but surely God will listen?"

And he left me and went away across the open, and passed into the shadow under the crooked boughs of the olives.

I sat there under the wall listening to the noises of the night. The brown owls swept like ghosts across the open, and one by one the stars came out and shone in the firmament above me. I must have slept, for, suddenly, I started and sprang to my feet, feeling that time had passed and that something was about to happen. The brown owls had gone, and all was quiet. I strained my eyes across the valley to where the great wall of the Temple rose in the darkness and beyond the wall, in the Courts of the Temple, I saw lights appear one by one, and move to and fro as if carried by men. Then came a glare of torches, and of a sudden the lights went out and, in a moment, came again, this time with the wall behind them. They had passed the gate.

A step sounded near by, and Jesus stood beside me, tall in the dim light.

"See," he said; "they are coming out to take me. Let us be going." And then he said:

"This will be farewell," and he kissed me and led the way down the mountain, and I, dazed, followed him.

Near the bottom of the garden, in a dip of the hill, we found Peter and James and John asleep, and Jesus waked them.

"I would you could sleep on and take your rest," he said. "Judas is at hand."

The clatter of armed men came from the steep valley, and the lights disappeared in the hollow where the Brook Kedron ran. Jesus went forward down the narrow path, and we went after him. He stopped in a place where the olive trees thinned, and we stood round him. In a moment the lights appeared again, held high, to let the men see their steps. The glare of the torches lit up the face of the foremost man, and showed him to be one of the officers of the Temple. Close behind him came Judas Iscariot. The officer, seeing us waiting, paused in uncertainty, and made a step towards James, but Judas muttered: "No; not him," and, coming up to Jesus, stooped and took his hand as if to kiss it. Jesus laid his hand on his arm, and looked him in the eyes. Then he leant forward and kissed Judas on the cheek.

"Friend," he said, "do what you have come for."

Then the men came and took hold of Jesus and held him firmly, and at that Peter, excited, thrust forward with a great sword in his hand. But Jesus said sternly:

"Put up that sword, Peter. Have I not told you that they that trust to the sword shall perish by the sword?"

At his rebuke Peter fell back, and Jesus said to the officers of the Temple:

"Why have you come out with swords and staves to take me as if I were a robber? Have I not taught openly day by day in the Temple, and yet you did not arrest me?"

The men did not answer, and Jesus said no more, but went with them down the hill, and Peter and I followed. But Judas stayed behind in the olive garden.

#### NEW PATHS IN PSYCHOLOGY.

Do you recollect, reader, your emotions as a child when for the first time you saw an anatomical chart of the human body? It was hanging, as we recall the moment, on the school-room wall, left behind after it had served to instruct a senior class. It represented the internal mechanism of some Marsyas, half-flayed for the occasion, and its sickly pink and white coloring suggested the indelicacies of a butcher's shop. A fearful curiosity drew us toward it, and with a shock of alarm, we received our first dim impression that the human machine is a thing of marvellous complexity. For many a day, thereafter, we walked about in fear lest our own too elaborate mechanism should collapse. We had had no idea that there was so much in the thing which might go wrong. Our analysis had not hitherto gone much beyond distinguishing flesh and bone, but now we realized something of the shapes and sizes of all these oddly distributed muscles, and at each movement the question presented itself whether one of these stringy tendons might not fail to pull, or one of those curving muscles fail to contract. The revelation was certainly interesting, but it was also alarming, and such curiosity as it excited was distinctly apprehensive. The modern child, we suppose, is spared this sudden alarm. The illustrated patent-medicine advertisements in the daily press have accustomed him from his earliest years to all the horrors of pathology. Even for him, however, a similar shock lies in wait when, as an experienced adult, he first happens upon a treatise on the new analytical psychology. Most of us have grown up on easy terms with our sub-conscious self. We knew that the animal was there, but we imagined him chained and slumbering in some back-yard of our self. We met him, for our part, very early in life, as the "beast" in De Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*. That charming reactionary had a place in our French lessons, and under the pleasant unscientific guidance of this essayist, we had been duly introduced, while still in our teens, to our sub-conscious self. He seemed a harmless automaton enough in the French classic. William James was a shade more disturbing, but even his discourses on multiple personality conveyed nothing of the shock that one receives from the first excursion into the pages of Freud or Jung. The normal reader turns away with a shudder of disgust. If the "beast" really spends his furtive existence in brooding over the nasty experiences and untaught impulses of childhood, the pleasanter policy towards him is assuredly to let the sleeping dog lie. One comforts oneself with the reflection that what the schools of Vienna and Zürich may have discovered by uncovering the sub-conscious life of abnormal patients, can have no relation to ourselves. Our private "beast" is presumably a much more respectable animal, and if it is otherwise, well then, we may decline to make his nearer acquaintance. This attitude is the normal reaction to most of the shattering discoveries of science. It vanishes when a period of anxiety or depression warns us that in our own mental life also these hidden factors are at work, and it must be a very robust prejudice, indeed, which, after an honest study of some of the treatises on psycho-

analysis, fails to perceive, that whatever critical reserves one may make, the new technique of introspection has brightly illuminated vast regions of our mental life.

Of the two methods which the Schools of Vienna and Zürich have perfected for the exploration of personality, we confess that the study of associations seems to us the surer. That is probably an inexperienced opinion, and our doubt, whether the new technique for the interpretation of dreams can always escape arbitrary, albeit ingenious guess-work, may be merely the layman's prejudice. The study of an individual's unforced and apparently fortuitous association of ideas leaves much less scope for the divination of the analyst. The material may be much less rich and significant than dreams supply, but it yields its conclusions without the need of much manipulation. Modern psychology, even before the pioneer work of Freud, was well on its way to a theory of mental life which the new discoveries have only reinforced. It had realized that our conscious mental life goes forward by a perpetual process of selection. We attend to, and "apperceive" what links itself up with our interests. We are at any given moment repressing and excluding from attention the whole mass of irrelevant recollections and sensations. Forgetting is an immense and continual effort, and at every instant we are engaged in forgetting the entire mass of our experience, excepting only the few elements of it, which bear on our preoccupation of the moment. It is interest that guides us, and the habitual play of interest in this incessant work of selection and repression is what we mean by personality. If we can ascertain to what mental "complexes," knit together by habitual interest, an idea belongs, we are on the way to discover a man's temperament, and by the systematic study of his habitual associations of ideas, we may even guess at his history, and reach a formula which defines his individuality.

The method which Dr. Jung has adopted is a simple one, and his explanation of it makes some of the solidest and least controversial chapters in his recently translated *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology* (Baillière, Tindall & Cox). A standard list of one hundred common words has been drawn up (it begins with "head, green, water, sing, dead, long, ship"). The person to be "analysed" is invited to reply to each word as promptly as he can, with the first chance word which it suggests, without pause or reflection. The time of each response or reaction is noted in fractions of a second, and experience shows that where the subject delays, there is commonly a reason for it. The word has touched some centre of disturbance in his mental life. He hesitates because the stimulus word has encountered resistance, and his choice of an associated word is embarrassed. These time-measures then give the first personal indications. The associations may next be classified. Some minds respond chiefly with a word which denotes an associated object. Others at once reveal their emotional character by responding with adjectival words, which indicate a subjective attitude towards the stimulus idea. The use of these tests in diagnosis is often startling. A wife, for example, in going through the standard hundred words, responds to most of them with average promptitude. The association is unembarrassed, and touches no personal "complex." She delays or fails to respond to these words: "pray, separate, marry, quarrel," and a few more of like significance scattered throughout the series. Here is a clue, and investigation shows that she, a Catholic, is married to a Protestant, that for no reason of which she is consciously aware, their existence is unhappy, and she admits (after first denying it) that her mind dwells, against her will, on the project of separation. These tests will reveal much that the patient would conceal, and even more of what is hidden from his own knowledge of himself. In one instance, Dr. Jung used the method to detect a theft. A pocket-book belonging to one of the nurses of his asylum had been stolen, probably by one of three other nurses. Among the stimulus words he introduced a few calculated to stir disturbing associations in the mind of the guilty nurse, whichever it might be. The comparison of time in the responses showed a much higher average for these words in the case of one of the



three, and in course of time she confessed the theft. Such illustrations confirm the presumption that a skilful use of this method will reveal something of the habitual responses of a personality to the stimuli of experience, and uncover some at least of its centres of emotional conflict and disturbance.

The unscientific sceptic will probably retort that chance, and chance alone, dictates the choice of the associated word by which the mind responds to the stimulus word. There is no such thing as chance, even in the mental life. For a positively uncanny demonstration of the fixity of personality in these tests, let the sceptic turn to the nice proofs accumulated by Dr. Fürst and Dr. Jung that related persons tend to respond in similar ways. They sorted out the types of association into fifteen classes (co-ordinated, contrasted, subordinated or supra-ordinated ideas, predicates expressing a personal judgment, &c.). Calculated by percentages, the greatest possible difference among individuals is 13.3. The average difference among unrelated men turns out to be 5.9, and among women 6 per cent. The difference between fathers and sons sinks to 3.1, and between mothers and daughters to 3 per cent. As many as 100 persons were tested, and the material ranged over a total of 22,200 associations. These figures apply only to the type of association. The resemblance in related groups is often much closer, and extends to the actual associations themselves. Here is the list of associations of a mother aged forty-five and a daughter of sixteen. The oddness of some words is due to translation.

Stimulus.	Mother.	Daughter.
To pay attention	diligent pupil	pupil
law	command of God	Moses
dear	child	father and mother
great	God	father
potato	bulbous root	bulbous root
family	many persons	five persons
strange	traveller	traveller
brother	dear to me	dear
to kiss	mother	mother
burn	great pain	pain

That is only half the list. The rest is equally startling. These two minds seem to work on an absolutely identical pattern. One often smiles at the resemblance in gesture or tone between parents and children. Here the resemblance in word and thought amounts to virtual identity. The daughter whose mind thus responds at the touch of a chance word with the same movements as her middle-aged mother, will probably react in the same way in every emergency of life. Destiny is made for that daughter, not by any physical heredity, but by the despotism of habit and affection, which in the close intercourse of sixteen years has poured the younger life into the mould of the elder. We do not know whether the new psychology is destined to work out anything very novel in the shape of a practical doctrine of nurture and education. There is nothing new in its warnings of danger for children from the egoism of a father or the indulgence of a mother. Traditional wisdom was aware of those risks. Traditional wisdom had, however, only the merest inkling of the manner in which the early emotional experiences of childhood weave themselves into the pattern of child's after-life. The novelists were aware of these things before the psychologists, and such a book as Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" is the artist's anticipation of much that Freud and Jung have discovered. The despotism of a rather capable, rather selfish parent is not exhausted when the exacting voice has ceased to control the life which he begot. The image of the father works all the while in the subconscious background, and literally haunts the child in the relations of maturity. The work of these two schools, fruitful as it already is, has, we imagine, only just begun. It has passed already from the daring but somewhat speculative suggestions of the pioneer Freud, to the more sober, more convincing work of Jung. There are many evolutions before it yet. It has turned its searchlight not only on the individual life, but on the early world of mythology and religion. It has a rôle, we suspect, in the study also of the social psychology of

modern civilization. Its somewhat excessive interest in the abnormal is probably only a first stage, which will pass when the psychologist appropriates the material which the doctor has collected for him. The time has long gone by for a shrinking rejection of these probing researches. One does not like the look of the pink and white anatomical chart. Under our white skins we cannot escape the resemblance.

## The Drama.

### THE LITTLE COMEDY OF POLITICS.

THE critic of Mr. Bennett's new comedy, "The Title," is given the choice of a good many clues to the author's intention in writing it. If he asked Mr. Bennett to pick him "the winner," he might get the genial and general reply that, like other comedies, it was written to make him laugh. Admitting that object (and its success), he would still, I think, call for a slightly more reasoned account of the feast to which he had been invited. "What did Mr. Bennett want me to laugh at?" he would say. "At Governments? At she-snobishness? At the artfulness of wives and the weakness of husbands? Or at all of them a little, but much more at the eternal comedy itself, in which human nature is so mixed, and its issue in action so essentially absurd?"

For undoubtedly "The Title" is a bit of a puzzle. For the period of the rapid and brilliant second act, it looks as if we were in for a regular sex-duel on a fine old battle-ground. Mr. Culver was to be wheedled, bullied, manoeuvred, and marched into a baronetcy, so that Mrs. Culver, Snobbess avowed and unabashed, might have her ears deliciously tickled with her parlourmaid's "My lady." Win or lose, it would be a bonny fight. Culver, perhaps, was a little on the weak side, a conscientious objector to titles, but by no means an absolutist, and much too fond of his fascinating squaw. Nor did he seem to have decided the rather vital point whether the acceptance of a title (i.e., of an artificial State-made distinction between one man and another) was a good act of citizenship or a bad one. Still, he was sound on the main issue. The Government, having an unavoidable rascal or two on their Honors List, conceived that it wanted whitening, and had selected him, the respectable Culver, for a job he by no means approved. And that makes a very good dramatic issue. Woman's instinctive appetite against man's prudential morality. An unequal encounter? Yes; but an old and a deep one. And stated by Mr. Bennett with wit and insight.

But somehow the battle never comes off. Mr. Bennett's Second Act, as I have said, revealed a brilliant offensive on Mrs. Culver's part, ably seconded by a lady secretary, determined henceforth to typewrite for a baronet, and failing him, to desert him for a peer. Threatened at once with a widowed bed and a silent typewriter, it certainly looked as if Culver would be beaten. His defences, never as solid as they looked, were not manned with resolution. Short work was made of the point that it would not look well for his name to appear side by side with that of the scandalous Jones. "So you are thinking of your club all the while! Just like a man to put his gossip before his wife!" But at the moment when Culver seemed on the point of succumbing, he has the luck to secure an ally—two allies, in fact. The younger generation come to the rescue. His clever daughter is a scorner of titles, and has made a success in democratic journalism. And his schoolboy son, a Radical of seventeen, declines to have his political career spoiled by a baronetcy. The two join hands for the counter-offensive. "If father accepts, I go into the Air Service," is the boy's final argument. Thus threatened, the hawk becomes a dove. Mrs. Culver draws off her forces, and Culver's moral victory seems assured. The forces of the future have conquered after all.

This, at least, seemed to be the logic of the play. But perhaps I am too fond of logic, or Mr. Bennett is

not fond enough. For the baronetcy is accepted after all, and for a reason with which neither Mr. nor Mrs. Culver has anything to do. It turns out that his refusal will make the Government ridiculous, for in that event he discovers that the offer of a title will be made to his own daughter, under her pseudonym of "Samson Straight," or to the swindler from whom that pen-title was derived. But in war-time Governments must not be made ridiculous, even when they are most so. So away goes the duel of sex, the sublime figure of the Snob-woman. She, indeed, is triumphant. But the victory is not really hers; it is the fault of fatality.

Now, I do not complain of Mr. Bennett because he has not given me the kind of political play into which I expected "The Title" to develop. But I am rather concerned to ask why, having chosen the resplendent subject of Snobbery, it did not so interest him as to dominate the minor motives of the play and to exclude the mere effect of drollery into which it finally slips. The answer is, I think, that Mr. Bennett is only slightly and incidentally interested in politics. He sees it as part of the human game, but as a rather silly part. You would never guess as you listened to the pleasantries of "The Title" that the class at which they were aimed had drenched the world in blood, or that they had ever been the subject of such ruthless satires as "Gulliver's Travels" or "Candide." Mr. Bennett, too, like Swift or Voltaire, examines politicians through a microscope. But his gaze is altogether too genial and abstracted. "Nice enough fellows; rather childish; Government nowadays is a bit of a joke, isn't it?" he seems to say. Well, it is; but a highly explosive one, and the literary man, like Mr. Bennett, who, let us remember, has been a profound and moving historian of his times, turns his subject off with too easy a laugh. Perhaps that is because at heart it bores him.

H. W. M.

## Communications.

### AN IRISH ACT OF SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I desire to make a simple proposal for an Irish settlement which will, if it is adopted by the Government, put an end at once to the present nerve-racking and heart-breaking situation in Ireland. I may say at the outset, lest I should be thought to gain the ear of any section of the public under false pretences, that personally I am not a believer in either Unionism or Sinn Féin; but I am not associated in any way with party politics or with any political organization. The tremendous gravity of the present situation is my excuse for taking part in the controversy that otherwise it would not be right for a member of the judiciary to touch.

The proposal that I have to make is based on certain premises which will, I think, be accepted by every responsible person in Great Britain and Ireland, no matter how extreme his political views may be. They are as follows:—

(1) The cause that is being supported by the whole strength of the democracies of Western Europe and America is worthy of the support of Ireland.

(2) The blood and iron of Prussianism and the crescent flag of Turkey have nothing in common with either the religion or the political ideals of the Irish people.

(3) The state of affairs in Ireland at the present time is satisfactory to no political party. No good Unionist could be satisfied with a situation which holds that country back from an active and thorough participation in the war. Equally, no good Nationalist could be satisfied with a situation which affords him no ray of hope for the immediate fulfilment of his aspirations. Even the Sinn Féiners admit that it will take long years of struggle and strife before they can achieve anything.

(4) Whether the Act of Union was a sound piece of Imperial policy or a great and tragic mistake, it has proved, after a lengthy trial, to be unacceptable to the majority of the people whom it concerns most, for reasons that are adequate or inadequate, according to the point of view; and some change in the constitutional relationship between Great Britain and Ireland is inevitable, whether it comes immediately after the war, or ten, or fifty years hence. The Imperial Parliament has already adjudicated upon Ireland's claims and even the most convinced Unionist will find it extremely difficult, no matter how deep and sincere his dislike of Home Rule may be, to propose at the conclusion of this war, that the Act of 1914 should be swept into the limbo of repealed legislation.

(5) The Prussian doctrine that hatred is creative, efficient and inspiring is not accepted by any party or section of the

people in the United Kingdom, and the possibility of a long period of soul-destroying and energy-paralysing ill-will between the peoples of these islands must be avoided at all costs.

It is the firm belief of Unionists that the present is not an opportune moment, with the whole world in death-grips, in which to set about the creation of a new constitution in Ireland. They argue that the pressing claims of other interests have had to be postponed, and that the claims of Ireland might very well be content to wait. That is a view that cannot be regarded by moderate men on the other side as unreasonable. Home Rule is demanded by Nationalists not as a toy to play with, but as an effective constitutional instrument with which to carry out a great work of reconstruction and ameliorative reform. It is to be feared that the leisure, the money and the intellectual energy necessary for such a work (especially at the beginning) are not available at the present time.

On the other hand, Nationalists have grave reasons for the adoption of an attitude of despondent and bitter suspicion towards any further proposals that may be made even by sympathetic and friendly British statesmen. The unfortunate events of the last four years, including the success of Sir Edward Carson's Ulster movement, the mad outbreak of 1916, the breakdown of the Asquith negotiations, the destruction of the hopes roused by the Convention, and finally, the disappointment arising from the events connected with Mr. Lloyd George's letter, have had a depressing and embittering effect in Ireland.

Can nothing yet be done to allay suspicion in the breasts of the Nationalists, to rectify the unfortunate mistakes of the last few years, to bring Ireland into line once more with the rest of the Empire, and at the same time to satisfy Irish Unionists that their interests and cherished beliefs are not being trampled upon, and to assure the British public that the cause of the Allies is not being injured?

I think that all these matters can be arranged by the adoption of a plan that is at once sound in its policy and simple in its design; and I make the following proposal with profound humility, but with absolute confidence in its justice and feasibility.

Let Parliament set up at once a Commission of Arbitration, delegating to certain members of the two Houses the power and authority, immediately on the conclusion of the war, to prepare a suitable Home Rule constitution for Ireland, and enacting that the constitution so prepared shall be adopted by Parliament and put into force at once.

The Bill to carry out this object would be of the simplest possible character. It would set out in the form of recitals the above five premises, which would suitably explain the motives of Parliament in departing in such an unusual way from precedent; and it might premise further that the constitution to be framed by the Commission should be conditional upon—

- (a) Ireland being kept within the Empire;
- (b) The legitimate interests of the Ulster Unionists being reasonably safeguarded;
- (c) The control by the Imperial Parliament of imperial affairs being retained; and
- (d) The power of Parliament to take into consideration the financial part of the scheme being reserved.

The composition of the Commission would also be a simple matter. To have an evenly-balanced body, it should consist of eight members, who would, respectively, represent:

British Conservatives,  
British Liberals,  
Ulster Unionists,  
Ulster Nationalists,  
Southern Unionists,  
Southern Nationalists,  
The British Labor Party,  
The Treasury.

The representatives of the Treasury would, probably, be selected from the ranks of the Unionists. It would be advisable that the actual *personnel* of the Commission should be set out in the Act; and in that event it would be necessary to give statutory power to some person or persons to nominate a new member should the representative of any particular interest not be available when the time for acting had arrived, or should he at any stage decline to act. I may be permitted to suggest that this power of nomination should be in the hands of Mr. Speaker and the Lord Chancellor of England. It would be eminently desirable that the services of Sir Horace Plunkett, as Chairman of the Commission, should be secured. An arrangement could easily be made whereby he should become a member of one or other of the Houses.

It would be absolutely necessary to secure that the Commission should not come back from their deliberations with empty hands; that there should be a practical outcome of their labors in any event. Another disappointment such as followed the failure of the Convention to come to an agreement would be disastrous. Accordingly, the "Irish Act of Settlement" would nominate a referee or body of referees to whom points in dispute (including the whole subject-matter of the delegation) might be referred. The nomination of such a body would be an essential part of the scheme. Such a body would consist, by preference, of three persons having no connection with party politics in the United Kingdom.

The theory of state sovereignty (which, however, will probably be essentially modified at the conclusion of the war) would probably be a bar at present to the selection of the Presidents of the United States, France, and Switzerland, who would, in all other respects, be most suitable referees. The



same objection would not apply to the selection of the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia and South Africa to assist in this epoch-making work; and if these high dignitaries could be persuaded in the interests of the Empire to act, their selection would have the double effect of providing a most excellent court of appeal and at the same time of giving the governments and peoples of those great colonies a tremendous interest in and sympathy with the settlement of this ancient quarrel.

The policy of asking the Irish people themselves to settle their own differences has failed, and it is difficult to see how it could have succeeded. Since the world began, no fierce disputants have been able to settle their own differences without the aid of extraneous coercive influences. If and when such a state of affairs becomes possible, then wars, arbitrations, courts of justice, police, and the use of force generally will be things of the past.

I firmly believe that if the scheme that I have outlined be adopted at once by the government, the feeling of bitterness in Ireland will be allayed, the racked nerves of the nation will come back to the normal and the young men will be willing to "march on the fields where the world's remade" and take their proper place in the great fight against brutality and despotism.—Yours, &c.,

AN IRISH JUDGE.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION.

SIR,—It is much to be hoped that Mr. Gerald Gould will succeed in drawing from *THE NATION* an opinion as to the duty of Liberal electors at the coming general election. That the opinion of *THE NATION* will carry great weight is certain: what precisely it will be is less so. Will you allow me to lay before you and your readers certain considerations which, if just, are bound to influence your decision and theirs?

As the "Times" has already perceived, both the Liberal and the Conservative parties are dead. They perished with that old aristocratic civilization which received its death-blow from the war: they were parts of it. It is a pity, I think, that the old civilization could not have survived another fifty years, by when Europe, had she kept the peace, would have accumulated sufficient wealth and culture to have passed, without much pain or danger, into a new phase. But the milk is spilt; and with it go those Liberal and Conservative parties which were the direct descendants of pre-Reform Bill Whigs and Tories. What remains?

On the one hand the Bagmen; on the other, the Trade-unionists. Neither party belongs to the old civilization—that is to say, neither takes for granted the social structure and the traditional values that were taken for granted by both Liberals and Conservatives. Nevertheless, each seeks to retain certain elements of the past. The Bagmen hold the field: the present Government is Bagmanist, though, as the "Times" has noticed, there remain in it survivors from the old régime for whose extinction the "Times" imperiously calls. The backbone of the party is the exploiting class—the business-men, from "the captains of industry" to the petty shopkeepers; but it is strongly reinforced by those wage-earners who are attracted by its specious economics or are in sympathy with its social policy. Its economic system, as everyone knows, is based on Protection and offers in return high wages; its social policy consists in a deification of the herd instinct, and results in a strict bar-parlour morality, an enfranchisement of the meaner passions, and a steady hostility to free personal expression in life, thought, and art. Of the foundations of the old order the one it insists on preserving is Capitalism. It clings firmly to industrialism and private ownership, not only on economic grounds, but because the exploitation and domination of man by man is temperamentally congenial to its members. It is the sworn enemy of Collectivism; but it offers the proletariat good wages, the satisfaction of domineering over and injuring foreigners (called Imperialism) and, at home, the pleasure of "downing" anyone whose tastes, ideas, or way of life are unpalatable to the majority. A party with such a programme is sure to be popular.

The only force that can, with any prospect of success, oppose this formidable combination is Trade-unionism. The strength of the Trade-unionist party is its idealism—its essential decency, I should say. To the doctrine of exploitation it opposes the doctrine of brotherhood; to the deification of herd instinct the free development of the individual, subject only to the limitations of Socialist economics. Its weakness lies, of course, in the fact that most of its members are uneducated; they are ignorant and they have not been taught to think; consequently, for all its fineness, Trade-unionism will hardly realize the civilization of which it vaguely dreams without coming some infernal croppers. Never mind: it has a dream that may come true, while Bagmanism is the mere nightmare of the homing season-ticket holder.

Another point to be noted is that what the Trade-unionists would take over from the old civilization is its culture. They seem to have an almost pathetic belief in thought, in art, and in knowledge—pathetic because they believe in these things without very well knowing what they are. Unlike the Bagmen, who will tolerate such thought and knowledge only as can be

shown to be of practical value, the Trade-unionists seem to have an instinctive respect for pure thought and scholarship and research. They seem to value the things that make life valuable without quite knowing what they are; therefore, though the Bagmen are inevitably their enemies, the remnants of Aristocracy and Culture need not be unwilling, it seems to me, to accept their leadership. The exploiters, the people who love money-making, are the natural foes of Socialism, but those who love money merely for what money buys might surely pocket their pride and an incompetence pension from social democracy. Let the genuine aristocrats make an effort and renounce their family ambitions, expecting for their children only such chances and prospects of happiness as are open to all, and I see nothing to prevent their joining the Labor Party. For the artists and thinkers who are willing to share their treasure there is surely a place in the Collectivist State: at any rate, let them be sure that the Bagmen will suffer the antics only of obsequious and well-disciplined apes. Artists, aristocrats and scholars should reconsider their positions in the light of these facts. After all, they are not money-grabbers but gentlemen, and henceforth the Labor Party is the Gentleman's Party.

For, at present, the Labor Party is the only political representative of what Trade-unionism stands for. One may not altogether like its official policy; that is a secondary matter. The important thing is that the Labor Party stands, awkwardly enough, for the best hopes of mankind, and that it is the only political force that can possibly make headway against the party that stands for men's basest lusts and fears. In these circumstances, it seems to me, for Liberal men and women to waste their energies in fancied loyalty to party-names or the names of party-leaders would be ridiculous and worse. In that new world which the war has hastened into existence there is no third choice. The future belongs to the Trade-unionists or the Bagmen, and the political representatives of Trade-unionism are the Labor candidates. In the light of these facts, whatever may be the schemes or ambitions of a few gentlemen sitting on the Front Opposition Bench, the duty of those millions of liberal-minded men and women who at this coming general election will have to settle the fate of England is surely not obscure.—Yours, &c.,

CLIVE BELL.

August 4th, 1918.

### MILITARISM AND THE VOTE.

SIR,—We are being told that a vote given at the next General Election to Mr. Lloyd George will be a vote against German Militarism. I wish to vote against all Militarism—German, British, or other brands. Who shall I vote for?—Yours, &c.,

A TYNESIDE ELECTOR.

July 31st, 1918.

### A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

SIR,—The idea of a League of Nations to safeguard the future peace of the world gains adherents, and lip service is rendered to the suggestion from all quarters.

There is, however, very little of the searchlight of criticism turned on to the proposal, probably because those who really desire such a league are the people most likely to detect possible weaknesses, yet fear to appear to challenge the issue while the war is in progress for fear of disheartening workers for peace among the nations. Such reasoning not only lacks courage, but is fallacious, inasmuch as the time to lay the foundations of any lasting peace movement is during the time of war.

Like many another candidate for Parliament I am asked whether I believe in the League of Nations, to which it is easy to answer "Yes"; but is that sufficient? What is meant by a League of Nations?

The Allied Powers represent in a certain sense a League of Nations against the Central Powers, apparently for the purpose of carrying on an economic war after this war. As I now see it, a League of Nations, with society organized on its present basis of private monopoly in land and capital, will simply be a League of Capitalists, primarily to exploit less developed and less "civilized" nations, and, in the second place, to exploit the peoples of their respective countries.

Agreements between the nations respecting China and Russia are cases in point. It is not unlikely that the United States and Japan will desire to exploit China, and where is the League of Nations to be found that could not find good moral reasons for the opening up and development of China; and, similarly, will the nations among the Allies join with the Central Powers to perform the same good offices for Russia, Turkey, Africa, and the far East?

Turning to the possible internal dangers in the respective countries there are already ominous signs of the preparations being laid for the after-war war on the workers. In this country the Federation of British Industries is a case in point, and a similar movement is taking place in the United States; doubtless like organizations are coming into existence within the Central Powers.

Capitalists will probably feel that war on the militarist plane between nations holds too much risk likely to arise from possible revolutions with the attendant danger of debt repudiation, so will turn their attention to the keeping in their place the workers in their respective countries, by restrictions on emigration, tariffs, and combination laws. To this end attempts will be made to suborn trade union leaders, and to win over to the masters the workers in certain important industries by bribing with high wages and good conditions. All these possibilities will become more capable of realization with the

abolition or minimizing of the possibilities of external war between nations.

In short, an International, based on the co-operation of free peoples through the medium of their own elected representatives is the only possible League of Nations.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. G. AMMON.

4, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. 2.

#### DR. JEX BLAKE AND MISS OCTAVIA HILL.

SIR,—I have read with much surprise and vexation your statement of the unfortunate difference between my sister-in-law, Miss Octavia Hill, and Dr. Sophia Jex Blake. You say: "that amiable philanthropist not only dissembled her love for Miss Jex Blake, but kicked her downstairs." Evidently that offensive sentence is meant to imply that the whole responsibility for the difference between herself and Miss Jex Blake lay upon the former. That statement is as unjust to Dr. Todd as to my sister-in-law. Dr. Todd has shown again and again that Dr. Jex Blake was very difficult, and she has also shown that Miss Jex Blake who, at first, resented the separation, was forced at last to admit that the separation was best for both parties, and that neither of them could have carried on their respective work if they had continued to try to work together.

And, indeed, what could we think of Miss Jex Blake herself if the end of the friendship could fairly be described in your phrase. For Dr. Todd has shown that Miss Jex Blake continued to look upon Octavia Hill as her ideal to the end of her life, and always imagined how she would think and act in the more important crises of Dr. Blake's life. How, then, could she have had such a feeling for anyone who had repelled her friendship in so coarse and rough a manner as you suggest?

Those who knew Octavia best, knew that she deeply regretted the breach, and that she would have gladly restored the acquaintance had she felt that such a restoration was compatible with a happy reunion of interests and intercourse. The fact is that Miss Jex Blake, in spite of her many noble and generous qualities, was an exacting friend, who required all her friend's affection and devotion, and was jealous of other people in their occupations that took up her time.

A breach of friendship so caused can surely be never described in the language your reviewer uses.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.

#### WHAT HAS BECOME OF LIBERALISM?

SIR,—If you want to know "what has become of Liberalism" and why the soul of what once made Liberalism will have no more to do with many of those who still call themselves Liberal politicians, you have only to turn to Mr. McCurdy's letter in your issue of to-day and ask yourself whether you expect we are going to imagine we have any use for men who think there is a moral distinction between a promise to help a pal to do an iniquity if it comes to be in your power to do it, and an iniquitous treaty with regard to what is in your power; or who think it good Liberalism to talk, like Mr. Hughes, of "the U.D.C. and other defeatist organizations," or smart and pertinent piffle about "the restoration of the ancient empires of Assyria and Babylon" in a controversy about the possibility of establishing a free State of Armenia—a perfectly concrete practical issue which will certainly have to be dealt with, unless we fail in the war.

Or turn to your "Middle" on the Stephen Hobhouse case, and ask what Mr. McCurdy and such Liberals, *par ang*, as for instance, Mr. F. H. D. Acland, have been doing or saying in Parliament in regard to the abomination of these continuous sentences on men who they know are being tortured in defiance of the deliberate intention of Parliament embodied in Statute law. Obstruction is more to the point than anthologies from Wordsworth (which the Prime Minister probably does not read), when such things are being done in their name.

And what are they going to do about Regulation 40 D?—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

Westminster, S.W. August 3rd, 1918.

SIR.—In THE NATION of August 3rd you ask "What has become of Liberalism?" You criticize Mr. Lloyd George for having departed from his Liberal principles. You complain that Industrial Conscription is at the gate, and that Mr. Lloyd George has proclaimed a policy of Imperial Preference. You say that it is impossible for him and Mr. Asquith to stand again on the same platform. Did not Mr. Asquith agree to Military Conscription, and is Industrial Conscription a much worse evil? Conscription in any form is of course an impossible doctrine to a Liberal in peace time, but Britain is now at war. In war all thought and energy must focus on the defeat of the enemy—that is what matters, and that is what must be accomplished.

The Liberal Party was the party which proclaimed it necessary for Britain to take up arms to defeat Militarism, and how else can Britain fight but with the same weapons as her adversary? Surely Liberalism has not succumbed, but on the contrary, is rallying her millions to make future wars impossible. Liberals cannot fail to be with Lord Lansdowne in watching anxiously for the dawn of Peace, but they must be no less with the Coalition in continuing the fight until the first ray of light brings with it the promise of victory.—Yours, &c.,

August 4th, 1918.

M. B.

#### FROM RUSSIAN PAPERS.

SIR,—If ever there come a time when the public regard a present revolution sympathetically, honestly desiring to understand the issues and to help the struggling nation, we shall have arrived at a stage when there is no further need for revolution. This reflection was borne in upon me after the perusal of a number of Russian papers, pro- and anti-Bolshevik. It is difficult to believe that the journalists and publicists, who call the Bolshevik pro-German, and for whom the word Bolshevik is synonymous with criminal, have read, either in the original or in translations, any Russian papers of recent date.

Take the charge of pro-Germanism. This is presumably levelled at the Bolshevik because they made peace with Germany, and having made it, are keeping it. "Znamya Trouda," the organ of the Social Revolutionaries of the left, very strong opponents of the Bolshevik, says "Peace was not made by the Bolshevik. It was made by hunger and by exhaustion." For the Bolshevik themselves the Brest Peace was not a peace but "an entr'acte which is coming to an end"; to quote "Pravda," the Bolshevik organ. After enumerating the ways in which the German imperialist government has broken the Brest Treaty, "Pravda" continues, "The problem of the Soviet authority, the problem of all workers' organisations, is how to attain a preparedness for the struggle" with Germany.

In no English papers have I seen such denunciation of the German Government as in "Pravda." In the issue of May 12th, confronting me now, there is a cartoon called "Ukraine," which would delight the hearts of the members of the British Empire Union. Germany, depicted as our "Sunday Chronicle" depicts her, is strangling a helplessly bound semi-nude woman, Ukraine. That is hardly the way to show pro-German sympathies!

"Pravda," of May 15th reports that in Kharkov 600 Bolsheviks and Social-Revolutionaries were killed by the Germans, and in Ekaterinoslav 400 peasants and workmen, members of the Agrarian Committees, were shot. Stupid as German policy is, it is not likely that she would shoot her supporters in this wholesale manner.

That our Press misrepresents events in Russia was testified to very recently by an Englishman who had been in Petrograd on business. His words were "Do not believe any tales about Bolshevik excesses and terror. They are the fabrication of the Press, pure and simple." He told how, in Petrograd, business was carried on as usual, and (a sure sign of stability) that the banks were open. He took his walks abroad when and where he pleased, and never came across those terrible scenes which have so harrowed the souls of our journalists. "What we want," said he, "is a democratic mission in Russia, one that will not be prejudiced against the Soviets." This man is emphatically not a Bolshevik, not even a Socialist!

Another accusation made against the Bolshevik is that they have suppressed newspapers, &c.; now every issue of "Znamya Trouda" which I saw, devoted two, three, and sometimes four, columns to extracts from other papers. With the exception of two instances, every paper quoted was violently opposed to the Bolshevik! Hence many papers opposed to the Soviet Authority must be allowed to appear. There have been cases where editors have been fined and papers suspended, but this has been because they deliberately spread false news with intent to provoke revolts.

The commissary for the Press and propaganda of the Petrograd Soviet said, "We will give the papers of the differing political views full freedom to criticize our actions and even the Soviet politics. But we will destroy at the source deliberate attempts to instigate revolt by spreading false news."

Let us deal with one more tale that has been spread abroad. Not very long ago one read in our papers that the Germans were arming the prisoners in Russia to fight against the Allies. There can be no worse misrepresentation of facts than this. Those who took the trouble to read Germany's terms to Russia must have seen the demand for the immediate disarming of all prisoners. This demand would scarcely have been made if these prisoners were to be used against the Allies. In a May number "Znamya Trouda" published a manifesto, issued by over half a million prisoners in Russia, in which they protested against the Brest Treaty, and affirmed their resolution, "with rifle in hand, to support the Russian Revolutionary Government to a man." These prisoners may be used against anyone who attacks the Revolutionary Government, but they will not be used to support Germany.

I wonder if the people who repeatedly express the opinion that the Bolshevik have no support in Russia, have ever asked themselves why it is that in spite of all the hostility which they are encountering, they are yet in power? We will grant that they are tyrannical. But so was the Tsarist government. Yet the latter fell in spite of the support of the governments of other countries. No "intervention" was necessary.

When the Russian people feel the Bolshevik rule to be insupportable, they will overthrow it as they overthrew Kerensky's rule, and as they overthrew Tzardom. Have we not a somewhat similar situation in this country? The present government is everywhere said to be unpopular. Yet it is in power. Did the people of this country really object to Mr. George they would get rid of him. There is no opponent of the George Government, however, who would suggest that we appeal to America for help to overthrow him. The absurdity of such a policy would be patent to everybody.

If the Allies honestly desire to help Russia, rather than those who have investments in the country, they will help her in the way that will be no menace to her independence. "The first step," says "Izvestia," "is to recognize the Soviet



authority." The second step is to help in the reorganization of the country, the most effective way of driving Germany out.

There is no one so eager to drive Germany out of Russia as Revolutionary Russia herself, but it must be done in her own time and in her own way. Let her secure democracy first in the form that suits her best. She will then turn her attention to throwing off the German yoke.

It may be said that by that time Germany will have entrenched herself in the Baltic provinces. Events do not support this view. German rule there has been such that the peasants are even now revolting.

If, however, we persist in our support of the Cadets, we shall only fasten the German yoke on Russia. For—let there be no mistake—the Cadets are gradually leaving the Allies for Germany. In the Ukraine they are openly working with the Germans.

In Russia the Central Committee of the Cadets has publicly repudiated the policy of its members in the Ukraine, but it has not repudiated those members who have become ministers in the pro-German Skoropadski's government. These are still in contact with the central body.

The Cadet paper "Svoboda Rossii" publishes an article in which Britain is described as being in "the most stringent economic conditions. In several important respects England is in a worse plight now than she was during the Continental Blockade." "It is thus," says "Pravda," "that these 'Liberals' are preparing to leave the sinking ship of Britain."

The view expressed in your paper, that there can be no intermediate course in Russia, is supported by "Pravda," "the Soviets or the Cadets. There is no alternative . . . The moment the power of the Soviet is broken the bourgeois land-owner forces will be supreme. The Cadets would abolish the Constituent Assembly in the Ukraine, and they would abolish it in Russia."

It is not too late to adopt a sane policy towards Russia, which country, to quote "Izvestia" again "has not yet ceased to exist, and may still be a force to be reckoned with. It is for the Allies to decide what shall be Russia's attitude towards them."—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE L. KING.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

#### SIR HUGH LANE'S BEQUEST.

SIR,—In an announcement in the "Times" of July 22nd, headed "Gallery of Modern Foreign Art," it is stated that "thanks to bequests and gifts of Sir Hugh Lane and others, the nucleus of a foreign collection exists."

While wishing well to the New Gallery, may I remind its promoters that the bequest made by Sir Hugh Lane for such a purpose was rescinded in a codicil (written and signed by him, but invalid through the absence of a witness to his signature) in which he bequeathed the foreign pictures in question to the City of Dublin, provided a gallery be built within five years from his death, and failing that, to the National Gallery of Ireland? The war is responsible for delay in providing the gallery, but for this reason the alternative legatees—the Dublin National Gallery Trustees will not insist upon the limitation of time. The urgency of war legislation has also been the cause of delay in bringing into Parliament the Bill necessary to enable the Trustees of the London National Gallery to carry out the wishes of the testator as expressed in his codicil, and to which such powerful support has been guaranteed that we cannot doubt its becoming law.

As the trustee named in Hugh Lane's codicil, may I ask you to find space for this protest?—Yours, &c.,

A. GREGORY.

Coole Park, Co. Galway. August 1st, 1918.

#### REV. F. B. MEYER AND UPSALA.

SIR,—We are informed that "The Free Church Council is not accepting the invitation to be represented at the International Conference in Upsala, nor will the Council send delegates to a devotional Conference at Oxford. . . ."

The Upsala Conference is designed "for bearing witness to Spiritual Unity among Christians," and the Oxford gathering is of a preparatory character. The Free Church Council, through its Secretary, has declared these gatherings inopportune and has expressed the fear that they cannot be held without sane consideration of the terms of peace.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, therefore, shares with Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Horatio Bottomley a holy horror of any rational measures to allay the spirit of belligerency, and to bring Christian peoples to their senses.

Necessity is laid upon me to declare frankly that, as a Christian Minister, I repudiate the attitude of Mr. Meyer and the Jingoists who are working with him. It has nothing at all in common with the Christian statesmanship one is entitled to expect responsible Free Church leaders to cultivate just now.

I challenge Mr. Meyer's right to speak for the Free Churches as a whole. His uncouth handling of the Welsh Free Church Councils led them into open revolt against Memorial Hall authority, and they no longer recognize it. His present mood of unmanageableness is totally opposed to the views and feelings of the vast majority of Free Church Ministers in Wales.

Nor does Mr. Meyer speak for the best elements in English Nonconformity—witness the fact that the Congregational Union at its Conference in May, passed a resolution declaring its willingness to take part in the International, and that the

Primitive Methodist and United Methodist Conferences have also adopted resolutions welcoming the prospect of an International Christian meeting. Moreover, an ex-President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, in the person of Dr. Selbie, is announced to take part in the Oxford Conference.

We are evidently at the parting of the ways. I mean to ask my church either to endorse Mr. Meyer's attitude, or to sever its connection with the Free Church Council.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. PHILLIPS.

Spellow Lane Presbyterian Church,  
Walton, Liverpool.

#### TURNING THEIR CAPTIVITY.

THE following donations have been received by the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme (Educational) in response to the recent appeal in THE NATION:—

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	98	17	0
Eve, Miss, Lansdowne Road, W. 11	3	3	0
Emmott, Mrs. Lugano, Italy	5	0	0
Fletcher, Mrs., Beaconsfield	0	10	0
Knowles, Mrs., Stroud	1	1	0
Suttill, Mr. H. S., per THE NATION	2	2	0
"Student," Scarborough	0	10	0
Townsend, G., Esq.	1	1	0
Warren, Lieut. Desmond, per THE NATION	2	10	0
	£114	14	0

Remittances should be made payable to the Chairman and Hon. Director, Sir Alfred T. Davies, K.B.E., C.B., and forwarded to him at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W. 7, or c/o The EDITOR OF THE NATION.

### Poetry.

#### THE BIRDS OF STEEL.

THIS apple-tree, that once was green,  
Is now a thousand flowers in one!  
And, with their bags strapped to their thighs,  
There's many a bee that comes for sweets,  
To stretch each bag to its full size.

And when the night has grown a moon,  
And I lie half-asleep in bed,  
I hear those bees again—Ah, no!  
It is the birds of steel, instead,  
Seeking their innocent prey below.

Man-ridden birds of steel, unseen,  
That come to drop their murdering lime  
On any child or harmless thing—  
Before the early morning time:  
Up—nearer God—they fly, and sing.

W. H. DAVIES.

#### THE ETERNAL CLUB.

WARMING their withered hands, the dotards say:  
"In our youth men were happy till they died.  
What is it ails the young men of to-day—  
To make them bitter and dissatisfied?"

Two thousand years ago it was the same:  
"Poor Joseph! How he'll feel about his son!  
I knew him as a child—his head aflame  
With gold. He seemed so full of life and fun.  
And even as a young man he was fine,  
Converting tasteless water into wine.  
Then something altered him. He tried to chase  
The money-changers from the Temple door.  
White ringlets swung and tears shone in their poor  
Aged eyes. He grew so bitter and found men  
For friends as discontented—lost all count  
Of caste—denied his father, faith, and then  
He preached that dreadful Sermon on the Mount!  
And even then he would not let things be;  
For when they nailed him high up on the tree  
And gave him vinegar and pierced his side  
He asked God to forgive them—still dissatisfied!"

OSBERT SITWELL.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Faith and Freedom: Being Constructive Essays in the Application of Modernist Principles to the doctrine of the Church." By Various Writers. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)  
 "Victor Hugo and his Poetry." By William Henry Hudson. (Harrap. 1s. 6d. net.)  
 "Race Regeneration." By E. J. Smith. (P. S. King. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Title." A Comedy in Three Acts. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems." Translated by Arthur Waley. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

\* \* \*

I HAD a letter from a friend this week, saying, with an undertone of despair, that it was no good bothering about the wretchedness of man. He would either bridge the chasm or fall into it. And if he would go every way but his own, go he must. Meanwhile, stick to Nature and to books. I remember once looking up into the branches of a yew and seeing a little company of long-tailed tits, so blithe in their motions and aerial in their souls that it seemed rather categorical to speak of them as the "lower creatures." And I thought of a fine passage in Motley: "Still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded every half-quarter of an hour, as if in gentle mockery, the tender and melodious chimes." Vaughan, our first philosophic Nature poet, wrote of man:—

"Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,  
 Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,  
 By some hid sense their Maker gave."

But, alas, there are too many quotations from books and parables from life for us to ignore the contrast between our own dark confusions and the solemn expression of thanksgiving which all the works of the Lord render unto the Lord of life, joy, and growth. Man, you think, who as soon as you suggest to him that the law of our being is creative and not destructive, that he should do pleasant and sensible things, invokes all his thunders upon you.

\* \* \*

ARE there, then, any broad general principles which can be applied to the relationship between books (or literature and the arts) and Nature, and by their comprehension give us a notion of what human progress means? What in the arts does "being true to Nature" mean? Now the task of art (this will help me to clear up side references to the subject previously) is to find "the line of least resistance" between the substance in which it works and the Form in which it seeks to emerge. Accepting this theory (which, of course, is not my invention) you may say that one of the cardinal sins in art is disobedience to those materials, to compel those materials to conform to the special qualities of other materials. To impose arbitrary designs upon materials is to deprive them of their essential reality. So that to be true to Nature is to be true to Nature's materials. "How admirable thy justice, O thou first Mover!" wrote Leonardo in his Notebooks. "Thou hast not willed that any power should lack the processes and qualities necessary for its results." Or, to quote an old Celtic saying: "God has made out of his abundance a separate wisdom for everything that lives."

\* \* \*

Now, this view of art is opposed in the grain to the mimetic art of "accurate representation," which, through its literary medium, is called very loosely "realism." In the first place, because it sacrifices end to means (in the same way as all kinds of politicians treat "democracy" as an end, rather than a means to an end), by concentrating upon technique and draughtsmanship as ends in themselves. Secondly, the emphasis upon "likeness" diverts the attention of the artist from the material to the subject. He is imitating the external appearance of Nature, not being true to the spirit of Nature. Photography can do that

a great deal more accurately than he can, and far more satisfactorily, since by taking photographs, photography is being true to the nature of its being. Thirdly, accurate representation confuses forms with Form. Form is true to the idea, which can only be expressed appropriately by insight into the nature of the materials which are to reveal that idea. In the art of transferring to canvas or paper the Form of something totally different, forms replace Form and the letter the spirit. Nature may have been successfully imitated; but the nature of things has been violated. Fourthly, it destroys the value of art altogether, for the simple reason that art is not Nature. If you turn Nature over to art, art slips away, and you are clasping only a pallid imitation of Nature. Ixion embraces the cloud-shape which he complacently takes for Hera herself. You cannot call art either superior or inferior to Nature, any more than crocuses can be called superior or inferior to sweetwilliam. They are different, and each is beautiful and appropriate to itself.

\* \* \*

THE perception of this law and the recognition of its infringements might be called the criterion of good taste, and bad taste a cutting across, a violation of the true nature of things. Taste, in other words, is knowledge of good and evil. "To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion all in one," says an anonymous writer. One can collect, of course, scores of examples of this law of materials which, ultimately, is the law of God. Take a country house. If it stick to the nature of its wood and stone, if it have the appearance of having grown out of the earth, and the particular climate and atmosphere of the district in which it is built (as even the ugliest houses look if they have grown old enough to take Nature's brush) and at the same time be fitly accommodated to the wants of man, that house has done its duty by the law. Again, to plant cactuses in English gardens is to mix up different forms and materials. Garden flowers should be natural products of a garden, they should be true to the idea of a garden, not of the tropics or a florist's shop.

\* \* \*

BUT the artist himself, you may say, performs a kind of double function. In attempting to identify the substance with the Form of his materials, he has also to identify the substance of his own nature with its own Form. He sees, that is to say, in the materials of the universe, of man and of his craft, the spirit that is in himself. And if he be true to the one consciousness, he will be true to the other. Precisely the same applies to society, of which the individual is the substance, just as stone is the substance of a statue. It is only by giving structure and harmony to human beings, both as individuals and members one of another, that a society can gather up its heterogeneous material into a compact reality—into Form—into an image of God. A society that ignores or exploits the individual is like a painter who either tries to get on without paint at all, or forces it into a foreign relation—something alien to the nature of itself. To put it more succinctly, in the words of Mr. Charles Marriott, a noble but neglected thinker—"the aim of the reformer being to make the State always more and more like man."

\* \* \*

It seems to me incredible that these elementary conceptions should be thrust into the attic as Utopian. They are the very breath of common life:—

"Que si quelque affaire t'importe,  
 Ne la fait point par procureur,"

says La Fontaine, which is only another way of saying that the motive for living is to express oneself in terms of life. Yet the violation of the nature of things is so universal that the law of substances seems to be all exceptions and no rule. Yet, again, books and literature are regarded as something alien to human life, though the same law applies to them both, as it does to Nature, in whose bosom the commonest blade of grass in the fields has followed the line of least resistance and identified its substance with its Form. It is by no means a light object lesson in morals and æsthetics that the said blade is not pretending to be a buttercup.

H. J. M.





PIANOS  
&  
GRAMOPHONES  
DECORATIONS & FURNITURE  
appertaining to  
THE MUSIC ROOM  
Designs & Estimates Free

WARING &  
GILLOW  
LTD.  
184-180 OXFORD ST. LONDON, W

Bell's  
**THREE  
NUNS**  
Tobacco



Mild but satisfying fragrance—pleasant sweetness  
that endures to the last—delicious coolness which  
is exceedingly grateful to the sensitive palate . . . .

"King's Head" is similar but stronger  
Both are sold everywhere at 11½d per oz

**Cigarettes**

(Medium)

5<sup>1</sup>d for 10:11<sup>d</sup> for 20

Boxes of 50 2/2½—100 4/3

**Bournville  
Cocoa  
and  
Chocolate**

"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCTS."

*The Medical Mag.*

We take this opportunity to state that we are  
supplying our trade customers with as large a  
quantity of cocoa and chocolate as the Govern-  
ment restrictions in raw materials permit, and  
express our regret for any inconvenience the  
public may experience in obtaining supplies.

CADBURY BROS. Ltd., Bournville.

## Reviews.

## ERASMUS.

"The Epistles of Erasmus: From his Earliest Letters to his Fifty-third Year." English Translation. Three vols.: 1901, 1904, 1917. By FRANCIS MORGAN NICHOLLS. (Longmans. 18s. per volume.)

THE third volume of this translation of the letters of Erasmus down to 1518 has been seen through the press by the translator's friend, Mr. P. S. Allen, who has himself been engaged for several years on a complete edition of all the letters in their original Latin.

Mr. Nicholls, himself, who did not begin his task of collection and translation until approaching seventy, has not lived to see its complete publication, death having overtaken him in his eighty-eighth year, working almost to the last. Mr. Allen's short introduction to the third volume contains a simple, and therefore affecting, sketch of this departed scholar, an old Fellow of Wadham, of whom Oxford will do well to treasure a memory.

It is sometimes said with a tone of complaint that the lives of scholars are disregarded, but if you are lucky enough to be able to devote the last eighteen years of a long, healthy, and happy life, to the preparation of such a book as Mr. Nicholls's "Erasmus," the fact that you never had a telephone in your house may also be disregarded; whilst, if it is any happiness to be remembered after death, most readers of memoirs, long or short, will I think agree in the opinion that no memoirs have succeeded better in transmitting from one century to another the personality of the dead, than those short records of the lives, habits, and conversation of Scholars which are often found collected under the generic title of "Ara," *Scaligerana*, *Thuana*, *Menagiana*, and so on. These small podgy volumes are still full of that perfume, which a poet once rashly declared to belong exclusively to the "actions of the just," and are to be found to-day, blossoming in the black earth which has gathered so plentifully over the "Remains" and wire-spun biographies of perhaps greater men. Mr. Nicholls's memory deserves to be so recorded and preserved.

But between Mr. Nicholls and Erasmus, though both were Humanists, and good fellows, the differences in their environment are so great, that, save on a title-page, it would be fanciful to try to keep them together for more than a moment.

Erasmus in the course of his life, 1467-1536 (and the dates tell their own tale), wrote in the liveliest Latin on record many hundreds of letters to Popes, Emperors, Kings, Cardinals, Dukes, Priests, Scholars, Printers, Friends, chiefly concerned with two great matters, the spread of real learning and the Reformation of true Religion. Of these letters, not far short of a thousand are in existence, every one of which is as readable to-day as when it was first written.

The "Letters of Erasmus" are the letters of a Man of Letters who knew how to write letters, a thing which many excellent men of letters, Pope for example, have never been able to do.

In one respect, it must be admitted Erasmus cannot be considered the ideal letter-writer. He was far too much inclined to keep copies of his letters, and even to hand them about for others to read, and eventually to publish them on his own account. A letter from him, to no less a man than Cardinal Wolsey, was printed and vendied at a German Book Fair within a year of its date. If it be true that the Cardinal of York did not share More's love for the writer, one good reason for Wolsey's dislike may here be plausibly suggested. A letter addressed to an individual ought never to seem to have been composed either for a publisher or a biographer.

Mr. Nicholls in the three volumes under notice has translated into good English a large number of these letters down to 1518, and as we read them, and the later letters (of which some good examples will be found in Mr. Froude's well-known Lectures, splendidly paraphrased), we can see unfolded before us, day by day, year by year (the plot thickening as we advance), the life-story of this great scholar

and wit and reformer (on his own Catholic lines), told us by Erasmus himself, with glancing sidelights upon Sir Thomas More and Dean Colet, upon Henry the Eighth, as Prince, King, and Author; upon the Thames at Chelsea, upon the Abbey at Walsingham, and the Shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury; upon Oxford and Cambridge; upon the mischances of Travel, the discomfort of Inns, the sickening smell of Stoves, the horrors of Indigestion, the joys of good Wine and clean Linen, the pride and the pangs of Authorship, and the good-fellowship of Humanists—and if all this and much more is not enough for the modern reader—can he not always fall back upon the evening paper and the puffs of Pelmanism?

Through many of these letters, playful and charming as most of them are, the ear catches the fierce pulsations, the tremendous throbs of the Reformation. It was indeed a fierce time to live in. The "little man," as Mr. Froude once so far forgot himself as to call Erasmus, was for years in daily peril of losing a thing he valued very much—his life. His enemies, and he had many and powerful enemies, raged furiously against him: nor was it to be wondered at that they should so rage—for though Erasmus had no passion for martyrdom, his notes to his famous Edition of the Greek Testament, his Praise of Folly, his *Adagia*, his Colloquies, were deadlier blows to the Church by law and practice than established throughout Christendom than Luther's Theses or his Commentary on the Galatians. The drama of life has never been so feelingly exhibited than in the "Letters of Erasmus." His methods of controversy have not grown stale nor have his weapons lost their edge. His sword still cuts, his irony bites, his scorn blasts. To-day Erasmus is "the enemy" of Clericalism far more than Martin Luther.

It would, of course, be idle to pretend that by immersing yourself in Erasmus, his life and letters, you are getting away from that religious difficulty, which we are bidden in these days by the wise and prudent, to ignore. If it cannot be wholly ignored, let it, so we are advised, be at least postponed, until the British Empire has been firmly, if not finally, consolidated on the bases of a Colonial Preference and a Prohibitive Tariff on imports, sufficient at all events to protect our war-murdered industries, until they are strong enough, having first risen from their graves, to fend for themselves. Such is the advice of Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

But Erasmus, though never indisposed to listen to Mr. Worldly Wiseman—was quite unable to persuade either Pope or Luther to postpone the religious difficulty in the sixteenth century, and he was forced to spend his days between the cross-fires of Luther's New Theology and dogmas, which Erasmus disliked with all the cordiality of a scholar, and the monkish tricks, thorns and briars which in his belief had been allowed to overgrow the Christianity of the Apostles, which was to be found, as he thought, in that Greek Testament, which until he set it free, was as unknown to most educated Christians as the lost books of Livy.

There are, I know, many good Protestants who still prefer Luther to Erasmus, but among them will not be found many who have read the works of the great Reformer; not even that delightful and self-revealing book, his Table-talk. Ignorance is often the best preservative of reverence. But leaving Luther alone, and indeed, nowadays it is very easy to leave him alone—the Kaiser being a Lutheran—it is hard to see how anyone can read these letters of Erasmus without an intense admiration, both for the actual hard work he was able to do as a scholar, often aided and supported by the Pope, in the restoration and purification of the text of the Greek Testament and in its circulation; and also for the unflagging zeal, as great as Luther's own and much more wisely directed, which he always displayed in endeavoring to get rid, to use his own words "of doctrines and usages introduced into the Church without real sanction, partly by custom, partly through canonists, partly by scholastic directions, partly by the tricks and arts of secular sovereigns." Erasmus was in his way a livelier Pusey at a more critical period.

Luther as we know prevailed. Images were forcibly removed and the Canon of the Mass changed throughout Germany. Erasmus writes: "Is it so great a thing to have removed images and changed the Canon of the Mass?





"Torpedoed"

"Rilette's" picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world—hence the mind wanders

## POPE & BRADLEY

Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley  
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

### A TAXED LUXURY.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN the dear, dead pre-war days beyond recall, "Looking ahead" was popularly esteemed to be one of the cardinal virtues.

It was associated with thrift, with sound commercial instinct, with the solid respectabilities of life as we know it.

But "Looking ahead" has now become a luxury which few can afford to indulge in, and has presumably ceased to be a virtue. More and more do we live from day to day, from hand to mouth.

But to indulge in luxury for one moment, it is not hard to look ahead and foresee the return of the simple, grand old days of barter and exchange.

Money is rapidly ceasing to mean anything, and if, as the sturdy pessimists have it, the war is to last for three or four years more, the man who wishes to obtain certain goods will have to deliver other goods in exchange.

In other words, you may have to pay for your theatre tickets with fresh eggs, travel on the surplus from your allotment, sacrifice your meat coupon for a glass of wine, pay your rates and taxes in home-bred rabbits, and as for your clothes—

Well, perhaps there won't be any clothes.

Meanwhile, Pope & Bradley are, at the moment, continuing to accept the customary paper for their productions, and are endeavouring to keep their charges as modest and inoffensive as possible.

#### MUFTI.

Lounge Suits	... from	£ 7 7 0
Dinner Suits	.. ..	10 10 0
Overcoats	.. ..	6 6 0

#### SERVICE DRESS.

Service Jackets	... from	£ 5 15 6
Slacks	.. ..	2 12 6
Bedford Cord Breeches	..	4 4 0
(Buckskin Strappings extra.)		

New Naval and Military Kit List will be forwarded upon application

#### TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &  
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

#### PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).

##### Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea-level

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.), Class. Tripos (Camb.)  
Prospectus on application.

#### A GREAT

### NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION

#### THE PRUDENTIAL

Paid to its Policyholders in 1917 over £9,700,000  
or over £31,000 for each Working Day

## FURNITURE for Cash

The best Stock of Furniture in London  
at LOWEST PRICES  
for Excellence of Quality and Design.

Wm. SPRIGGS & Co. Ltd 238-241 Tottenham Court Rd W 1

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6s 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

The tragedy of shattered nerves is more awful  
than that of a maimed or even destroyed body.

**SOLDIERS with SHATTERED NERVES** are sent to  
**HOSPITAL FOR EPILEPSY, MAIDA VALE, LONDON.**

## Leighton Park School

### READING

Spacious finely timbered grounds  
Splendid new buildings  
Full staff of university men  
Excellent results in work and play  
Elaborate prospectus on application to  
The Headmaster

#### MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS,

Head Mistress—Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge  
(Late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School).

The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community: to encourage self-expression by means of literature, Acting, Music, Dancing, and Handicraft of every description: to increase resource and initiative by practical work such as cooking, gardening, and poultry-keeping. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art.

Fees, inclusive of Eurhythmics, Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, and all such subjects as should be part of every girl's education, 180 guineas a year.

Gerrard's Cross is 300 feet above sea-level, on gravel soil, and is out of the air-raid area. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

In the midst of Picturesque Country,  
**Ellesmere College, Salop,** provides for boys  
a liberal education at a moderate cost.

Write to the Secretary for a prospectus.

#### CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, NEAR SOUTH CROYDON.

**HOUSE** built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of Education—free development as individuals and as members of the general community; independent study; special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Full Domestic course for senior pupils and external students. Principals: Miss FREDORA CLARK and Miss K. M. ELLIS

What good is done by telling foolish lads that Pope is Anti-Christ, that Confession carries the plague, that they cannot do right if they try, that good works and merits are a vain imagination, that free will is an illusion, and that all things hold together by necessity, and that man can do nothing of himself." What good, indeed! Luther held his own for a short while with his "Moderate" Sacramentarianism, and his doctrine of Justification by Faith, but immediately behind him we discern Zwinglius and Calvin and at no great distance St. Ignatius Loyola and the Corentiv-Reformation.

Yet it would be a misjudgment of Erasmus to dub him Anti-Lutheran. There was that about Luther that could not wholly be gainsaid. He had a case, and Erasmus knew it. Erasmus, by the order of his mind and the course of his studies, hated Heresiarchs, Sectaries, and Nonconformists. "Nothing shall tempt me," he cries out, "to lay hands on the mother who washed me at the font, fed me with the Word of God, and quickened me with the Sacraments." And again he writes: "Many great persons have entreated me to support Luther. I have answered always that I will support him when he is on the Catholic side. They have asked me to draw up a formula of faith, I reply that I know none save the creed of the Catholic Church, and I advise everyone who consults me to submit to the Pope." This may seem Anti-Lutheran, and so it is, but read on a line or two. "I was the first to oppose the publication of Luther's books. I recommended Luther himself to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that Revolution would be the end, and I would have done more (i.e., against Luther) had I not been afraid that I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God."

Luther had no such fears. Schism had no horrors for him. Early in the contest he flung away his scabbard, and let his "Ego" have full swing.

To see all round a question is often a great misfortune. It is one easily avoided.

Erasmus not being a German took so naturally to England and Englishmen that it is sometimes hard to remember that the bosom-friend of Sir Thomas More was a foreigner. Latin was in those days a common language among the learned, and a passion for Greek a bond of union closer than the ties of country. Erasmus visited us at least three times and was indeed for a short while a Kentish rector—his patron being the Archbishop of Canterbury. Erasmus felt a little uneasy on the subject, not feeling himself fully qualified to do his duty by his parishioners of Aldington, so the kind Archbishop allowed him to resign, but secured him from loss by settling a pension on him equivalent to the value of the living, a pension which, in order that the Archbishop might not be out of pocket by the transaction, was charged upon the tithes of the Parish, thereby impoverishing the new rector to a melancholy extent. Mr. Froude, who hated a clerical job, took a gloomy satisfaction in the remembrance that it was this very parish of Aldington which a generation later produced that famous and dangerous lady, the Nun of Kent.

Erasmus at one time asked Sir Thomas More's good offices to get this pension commuted for cash down, but the reply was unsatisfactory: "As to the redemption of the pension, I certainly do not think it can be done—because there is no one in a position to redeem it, except one, who, as I hear, has not the means of doing so." Sir Thomas probably refers to the existing rector! See Vol. III., p. 132.

As the poet Milton was perhaps the most distinguished and accomplished Englishman who was ever entertained in Italy, so Erasmus is perhaps the most famous foreigner who ever lived among us on terms of familiarity. In saying this I am not forgetful of Voltaire.

"The Praise of Folly"—The *Encomium Moriae*, is almost an English book. More suggested not only the title but the idea—the first rough draft was written in Beaufort House, Chelsea, and discussed in the Bishop's palace in Rochester; the finishing strokes came into the author's mind whilst riding from Calais to Brussels, from which city it was sent to the printer.

The friendship of two such men as More and Erasmus, "Farewell, my More, of all mortals, dearest to me" (Vol. III., p. 41), "Farewell, dearest Erasmus" (Vol. III., p. 96), is one of the most gratifying incidents in the sixteenth century. The famous character sketch of More by

Erasmus will be found vigorously translated on pp. 387-401 in the third volume of Mr. Nicholls's book.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

#### AFTER-WAR SOCIETY.

"Past and Future." By "JASON." (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)

Most people have come to believe, or to affect to believe, that they want the world in general, and their country in particular, to be a very different and a much better place to live in after the war is over. But many of them also cherish a secret hope that, after all, things will not be too different. Some of the zeal for "reconstruction" is a hedging against revolution. The workers are to have more show, wagedom is to be made more remunerative and more secure, the wage-earner is to have a better "status," involving some control over industrial conditions. Industry is to be better organized, chaotic and wasteful competition is to be repressed, trade-unions and employers' syndicates are to work in amity under some State control on behalf of the consumer. But the main structure of nineteenth-century competition, with its profiteering motive and its conception of industrial and social progress, is to survive. Science and education are to be harnessed securely to the industrial car, and productivity is to be so high that there will be comfort and abundance for everyone.

Whether this will be the outcome depends upon whether our age is able to escape from the clutches of the material arrangements and the thinking of the nineteenth century. A brilliant and fruitful discourse of this all-important issue is contained in this little volume by a writer who hides under the suggestive cloak of "Jason," the rescuer. He wants to see the world rescued from the oppressive power of nineteenth-century industrialism. Is it not possible that the somewhat romantic humanism of Ruskin, Morris, Carpenter, and other prophets of revolt, may now take realistic shape in the general mind? Hitherto, the normal attitude of all classes towards the existing social order has been one of acceptance, with or without criticism. "Jason" thinks that the shaking-up the world is going through will produce far deeper and wider-spread changes in the valuation of life than is suggested by the mechanical conception of reconstruction. The men who have faced death and come back will see to this. They will demand "for men and women a new freedom and a better kind of life." "This will be the spirit of reconstruction. A society living in this spirit will not prefer idleness to work, but it will work in a new and more bracing atmosphere than the old reluctant atmosphere of discipline. The pleasure of self-respect, or the pain and damage that came from the loss of self-respect, so intimately associated with work, is an all-important element in human life, and the new ideal will demand that in this department, as in others, a man's life shall be a pleasure to him."

It is characteristic of "Jason's" treatment that his concluding chapter deals with the Need for Public Playgrounds. For he perceives that the achievement of this better life lies with the girls and boys of to-day, and that the demand for fruitful playtime is the most direct of all challenges to industrialism. If "a man's life" is to be made "a pleasure to him" he must have ample opportunity to play in childhood. And as he grows up, too, he must have ample time and spare energy for the private pursuit of those pleasurable activities that spring from "play." Art, literature, travel, amusements, domestic life, belong to everyone. Industrialism has stolen them from most men and women. Unless reconstruction embraces those "joys that are in the widest commonalty spread," little or nothing has been gained. The pressure of the sciences into the service of industry, the dominion of physicists and chemists in technology, experimental psychologists and economists in business management, improved technical training and specialization of functions, however high the yield in productivity, will only drag us further into the mire, if they mean that man is merely made into a better wealth-producing animal. Unless the application of science to industry is designed to release men from subjection to industry, the future will be no better than the past. Nay, it will be worse. For hitherto a hard, dull life of toil not only seemed but was necessary to earn a liveli-



# HODDER & STOUGHTON

## The Plays of J. M. Barrie The Novels of Leonard Merrick

¶ HODDER & STOUGHTON are publishing two very important Uniform Editions which will appeal to all booklovers—(1) a Uniform Edition of THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE, at 3/6 net each volume. The first volume, WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, is already published, and QUALITY STREET and THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON will follow immediately. Other volumes will be announced later—and (2) a Uniform Edition of the NOVELS AND STORIES OF LEONARD MERRICK, at 6/- net each volume. CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH (with an Introduction by J. M. Barrie), WHILE PARIS LAUGHED (a New Book) WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT O' THE WINDOW (with an Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll) and CYNTHIA (with an Introduction by Maurice Hewlett) are already published. THE QUAIN COMPANIONS (with an Introduction by H. G. Wells) will be ready immediately. Other volumes will be announced later.

**HODDER & STOUGHTON also draw attention to the following very important works:—**

¶ AMBASSADOR GERARD'S FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM (7/6 net), a book of world-wide importance and a companion volume to "My Four Years in Germany."

¶ MAJOR W. A. BISHOP, the wonderful Airman whose exploits have won him the V.C., D.S.O., M.C., and quite recently the D.F.O., has written a striking book called WINGED WARFARE (2nd edition, 6/- net). "A surpassingly good book. Major Bishop writes as well as he fights."—*Daily Mail*. "It easily takes rank as the best book of its class."—*Evening Standard*. "It must be regarded as the Odyssey of the Flying Service."—*Globe*.

¶ SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S CLASSIC HISTORY OF THE WAR, of which the first three volumes have been published, viz., THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS Vol. I., 1914 (Third Edition); Vol. II., 1915 (Second Edition); Vol. III., 1916 (Just Published). Each volume contains Maps and Diagrams. 6/- net.

¶ Also SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S fascinating book on "life on the 'other side,'" entitled, THE NEW REVELATION, of which a third large edition is now printing. 5/- net.

¶ ROBERT BLATCHFORD in GENERAL VON SNEAK has written the best propagandist book about this War, and no wonder it is in great demand. "I say to every man and every woman, read this book."—Major Haldane Macfall. "This book should be in every hand."—*Daily Mail*. Fifth Edition. 2/6 net.

¶ THE CRIME, by the famous Author of J'ACCUSE (two volumes, 10/6 net each), a work which *Punch* says: "Will stand for centuries."

¶ PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS, of the University of London, has secured the services of a group of specialist contributors to a volume entitled THE NEW TEACHING. "It is essential," he states, "that we should make ourselves accustomed with what is being done and planned in the teaching of the various elements of the school curriculum." This is one of the most important educational works of our time, and every teacher should see it. 10/6 net.

¶ WAR PENSIONS AND ALLOWANCES, by J. M. HODGE, M.P., and T. H. GARSIDE. One of the most useful books published during the War. It deals with the whole question of war pensions and allowances in an authoritative and instructive manner, and there is an index which enables anyone to find the reference to any particular point at once. 6/- net.

¶ Almost everyone has heard of LAURENCE BINYON'S New Book, FOR DAUNTLESS FRANCE, which was reviewed so enthusiastically on *France's Day*. This beautiful book is the official story of the work done by Britain for the French wounded. It is a wonderful story, wonderfully told. Illustrated. 10/6 net.

¶ THE HARDEST PART is a most outspoken book by J. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.C., C.F., author of that remarkable little book, "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," which is selling by thousands. "What I want to know, Padre," he said "is, what is God like? That is your real business, Padre; you ought to know." 5/- net.

¶ The New Book by the author of "In the Northern Mists" is entitled NAVAL INTELLIGENCE. It is already in its second large edition. "He is as pithy and picturesque an expounder of life in the Royal Navy in War time as one could wish to sit under. His ward-room dialogues are absolutely top-hole."—*Morning Post*. 6/- net.

¶ Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of S. H. LEEDER'S magnificently illustrated new work, THE MODERN SONS OF THE PHARAOHS. One of the most important books on Egyptian life of to-day. Illustrated, 16/- net.

¶ If you want to know what goes on in Germany's so-called Parliament, BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE REICHSTAG; Sixteen Years of Parliamentary Life in Germany, by the ABBE E. WETTERLE, is one of the most informing books published. Illustrated, 6/- net.

¶ A. E. STILWELL expounds a most remarkable scheme in THE GREAT PLAN: How to Pay for the War. The author provides for the Nations to pay all War debts within fifteen months and to pay all debts between nations in one hour, and shows how the nations can return to a speedy pre-war taxation. 2/6 net.

**HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.**

hood for growing populations in all but the most-favored countries of the earth. Now, for the first time, we are aware that human knowledge and power of organization rightly applied could secure an easy life for all, and could liberate those thwarted activities and capacities of enjoyment which all possess, but which hitherto have been the privileges of the few.

But if we are to move along this road of hope, property and industry must in the future be looked upon with very different eyes from those of the nineteenth century. They must be put in their proper place as the instruments of common welfare. The Industrial Revolution tended to subordinate not only men and women, but humanity itself, to capitalism. Education, morals, religion itself, were devoted to its service. As "Jason" remarks in his chapter on "The Waste of Youth," "we still tend to think of the children of the working classes as the instruments of industry." The more scientific industry of the future will require them to be better equipped and more intelligent. In a report of a Consultation Committee of the Board of Education in 1909 we read: "Certain branches of machine production are being so organized as to make profitable the employment of boy and girl adolescent labor in businesses which, while demanding some intelligence and previous school training, are in themselves deadening to the mind." If, as Mr. Fisher's Bill allows, employers are themselves encouraged to set up continuation schools and compel their young workers to attend, the extension of the strong arm of industrialism over education will be assured.

But if humanism is to triumph, it is above all necessary to change the attitude of educated persons towards economic laws. For the so-called economic science of the nineteenth century, still lingering in the twentieth, had taken the profiteering motive and the competitive practice of capitalists as the permanent and necessary governing factors in the system of industry. "Laws" of the production and distribution of wealth were invented to support this assumption and were raised to the dignity of natural forces, against which it was vain for wage-earners or philanthropists to kick.

"Political economy had produced a Calvinism for this life which closed the door of hope as effectively as the Calvinism that theology had produced for the life of the next world."

Indeed, the churches took good care that religious Calvinism should lend direct support to its economic congener by emphasizing a submission to the arbitrary will of earthly masters as a valuable spiritual regimen. To get rid once for all of the false conception of "laws" of supply and demand, wages and population, as belonging to a system that lies outside the reasonable control of man, is the most urgent of all liberations of thought. In the new art of political economy competition is destined more and more to give place to combination, and attempts are to be made to substitute a harmony of interests for the conflicts between capital and labor, producers and consumers. "Jason" discusses with knowledge and sympathy some of the proposed experiments in this new order, in particular the representative Industrial Councils on which workmen and employers are jointly to discuss and settle all matters affecting the welfare of their trade, and the State Controls which, improved by experience, may be required to play an important part in the industrial regulation of the future. For, however unpopular such Controls may be in business circles, the alternative of uncontrolled combines must lead to their continuance as an essential part of the new industrial machinery.

"A trade association which takes its raw material from the State, allocates it on some recognized and settled principle of justice and public convenience, and is prevented from forcing up prices by means of a system of costings and a public audit, is a very different body from the kind of trust that menaces society."

We agree, always supposing we can get the required guarantee of "justice and public convenience" into the system, a proviso which demands a very great advance upon pre-war and war bureaucracy. But valuable as all these schemes may be towards the pacification of industry, they will not go far towards a humane society unless industry itself can be deposed from the position of supreme authority it has exercised and made securely subservient to the larger purposes of life.

## THE UNKNOWABLE LAND.

"A Stranger in Ireland." By AN ENGLISHMAN. (Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS Englishman, living in Ireland, and married to an Irishwoman, displays heroic courage. Among Irish people he dares to speak of Ireland, and to speak with sympathy and admiration. It is very difficult for the sympathetic stranger, especially for the sympathetic Englishman, to avoid rousing rage in the Irish nature. Hostility, hatred and contempt are understood and welcomed. Centuries of antipathy and resistance have forged the weapons with which to encounter the proud invader, and his every word and action only confirm the established belief in his detestable qualities and Ireland's misunderstood but incalculable superiority. It is not only that he affords opportunity for the delight of hating England, which, as this author observes, "is in danger of becoming as much a daily duty of the good Irishman as 'hating Germany' is a daily duty of the 'patriotic' Englishman." A reciprocal hatred is expected as only natural and decent. Not to find it in an Englishman is a disappointment. For what is here (to quote again) said of the English, is just as true of the Irish themselves: "They revel in being hated; nothing gives them more intense inward satisfaction, or makes them more convinced that they are right." But all this satisfaction, all this revelry, collapses in the face of the sympathetic and admiring foreigner—especially the English foreigner. What is one to do with such a fellow? He disturbs habits, contradicts tradition, undermines beliefs. He is a freak, a moral shock, a kill-joy.

That is the point which "An Englishman" here faces. For his book is written with sympathy and an almost romantic affection. There is a certain amount of criticism too, but it is not nearly dull enough or cruel enough to save him. Its wit and kindness will only increase the suspicion with which he must be regarded. We might say that the book was written with understanding, if we did not know that the very idea of an Englishman's understanding Ireland causes more violent irritation than any other offence. It is true, as the writer observes, that no Irishman ever has the smallest difficulty in understanding England:—

"No Irishman of my acquaintance has ever shown the slightest diffidence in describing my country to me in minutest detail. . . . An Englishman may, if he please, go to seven different houses in Dublin on the seven evenings of the week and listen, at each of them, to a masterly exposition of his country's soul, national character, present position and future fate, delivered *ex cathedra*. Argument, expostulation are in vain. It is felt perhaps that the Englishman is as incapable of understanding his own country as he is of understanding Ireland or anything else."

That, no doubt, is the root of the matter, and we must leave it there, just quoting one passage only from the following page:—

"They (the Irish) fail, as a rule, to realize that these Englishmen who love their country with a deep and inborn passion of devotion, almost invariably become her severest critics, and are apt to suffer with a personal sense of disgrace at the crimes committed in her name, at the blunders of her politicians, at the injustices which the inertia of the mass of her population allows to flourish."

At first sight, one might suppose "An Englishman's" courageous book to be a kind of guide. Many of the chapters are headed by the names of Irish towns—Belfast, Londonderry, Galway, Cork, and so on. But there is nothing of the guide-book about the descriptions. It is the heart and spirit of each place that the writer tries to seize. A few more general chapters are added on the Convention, the future of Sinn Féin, and similar subjects. And all is done with a defiant sympathy, a dare-devil affection and admiration, a deep appreciation of Ireland's spirituality, which cannot fail to stir resentment in the heart of "An Englishman's" adopted country.

## TARR.

"Tarr." By P. WYNDHAM LEWIS. ("The Egoist" Ltd. 6s.)

ONE is tempted at the first reading to set down "Tarr" as a cleverish pastiche of Dostoevsky; but in the end one



## JOHN LANE'S NEW BOOKS

### MURIEL HINE

A New Novel by the Author of "Autumn," "The Individual," "Half in Earnest," "April Pankazard," &c.

### The Best in Life

6s. net. First Large Edition almost exhausted 6s. net.

### A Third Large Edition in the Press

STEPHEN LEACOCK'S New Collection of Good Things.

### FRENZIED FICTION

5s. net.

"Mr. Stephen Leacock is one of the greatest humorists of our time. He is not only a great humorist, he is a great satirist, good-natured, polished, artistic. In fact, Mr. Leacock is a public benefactor."—*Clarion*.

### THE BUSINESS OF WAR

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON, Author of "War after the War," "Rebirth of Russia," &c. With numerous Illustrations. 5s. net.

### OUT TO WIN

[Ready at once.

By CONINGSBY DAWSON, Author of "Khaki Courage," "Glory of the Trenches," &c. 4s. net. A Study of what is being planned and accomplished by the American Army. [Ready at once.

### ROUMANIA: Yesterday and To-Day

By Mrs. WILL GORDON, F.R.G.S., Author of "A Woman in the Balkans." With an Introduction and two Chapters by H.M. QUEEN OF ROUMANIA. A Frontispiece by Louis Raemaekers, and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"A book which invites attention on many grounds. Mrs. Gordon, who knows the country well, has a graphic pen, and gives her story true actuality."—*Times*.

### ASIA MINOR

By WALTER A. HAWLEY, Author of "Oriental Rugs." With numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. An interesting and informing account of that little-known part of the Near East—Asia Minor, which the author knows so well.

### THE MEMOIRS OF SIR ANDREW MELVILL, 1624—1672, and the Wars of the Seventeenth Century

By TORICK AMEER-ALI. With a Foreword by General Sir Ian Hamilton. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

### WAR THE LIBERATOR, and other Pieces

By the late E. A. MACKINTOSH, M.C., Author of "A Highland Regiment." With Portrait and Memoir. 5s. net.

"Reveals a vivid and varied personality."—*Morning Post*.

### CASTING OUT FEAR

By the Hon. Mrs. LIONEL GUEST. 2s. 6d. net. *The Evening Standard* says: "Mrs. Guest's philosophy is well worth studying."

### IF WE RETURN: Letters of a Soldier of Kitchener's Army

By G. B. MANWARING. 3s. 6d. net.

"It is a healthy book, and has the great recommendation of reality."—*British Weekly*.

### A New South African Novel.

### THE LAWS OF CHANCE

By F. E. MILLS YOUNG. 6s. net.

### GREAT TESTIMONY

By the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. With Eight Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.

This is a collection of short biographies of the most famous poets, philosophers and Saints who have given the weight of their authority to the condemnation of the torture of living animals for the purpose of enlarging scientific knowledge.

### THE COMING DAWN: A War Anthology in Prose and Verse

By THEODORA THOMPSON, Compiler of "Underneath the Bough." With an Introduction by Sir OLIVER LODGE. 5s. net.

"Such a collection as this has a real value."—*Times*.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo St., W.1.

## THE HOUSE OF CASSELL

To be published on the 15th.

### Dr. Muehlon's Diary

Notes written early in the War by Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon, ex-Director of Krupp's.

Large Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

Dr. Muehlon was a Director of Krupp's when war broke out, and in receipt of a salary of £20,000 a year. In his official position he knew the facts about Germany's guilt. He resigned, escaped to Switzerland, and has now consented to the publication of his Diary, in which the truth is recorded, and which confirms the Lichnowsky Revelations.

### The Far East Unveiled

By Frederick Coleman

Author of "Japan Moves North" (published in May, 5s. net). Large crown 8vo, 320 pages, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

*The Times Literary Supplement* says:—"... one of the most interesting books on the Far East that we have read in recent years... the undeniable merits... are indeed both striking and numerous... Many of his facts cannot be told too often or impressed too forcibly on the public, people and Governments alike, of both the British Empire and the United States, as they are pregnant with great questions affecting the future peace and welfare of both."

"A book by a keen and experienced observer of war and politics, which is well worth reading and thinking over"—*Morning Post*.

CASSELL'S NOVELS continue in great demand.

### The Pretty Lady

By Arnold Bennett

6th Impression

"Mr. Arnold Bennett is the first and the greatest of our novelists from the industrial provinces... His recent novel, 'The Pretty Lady,' has not suffered from that fatal tinge, a 'boom.' It has merely produced what may be called a 'prolonged sensation.'... This phantasmagoric presentation of life in war time... is true to life and fact... war psychology seen through the temperament of a master."—*Daily Express*.

### Towards Morning

By I. A. R. Wylie

3rd Impression

A well-known Novelist, unasked, has sent the following tribute to the Publishers:—"I read 'Towards Morning' very quickly because I found it really interesting. In fact, it holds the attention. The pictures of German military life seemed to me to be extremely convincing and effective. They were a pleasure to read. This applies to most of the book. I thought the love scenes between the boy and girl rather overdrawn. The later love scenes were better."

Gertrude Page

### Far from the Limelight

3rd Impression

Baroness Orczy

### The Man in Grey

2nd Impression

Talbot Mundy

### Hira Singh's Tale

3rd Impression

Elinor Mordaunt

### The Pendulum

2nd Impression

David Lyall

### An English Rose

2nd Impression

J. C. Snaith

### Mary Plantagenet

2nd Impression

Price 7s. net each.

New Story by DORIS EGERTON JONES.

(Ready August 15.)

### The Year Between

By the Author of "Peter Piper," etc.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. net.

The scene of Miss Egerton Jones's new novel is laid partly in her beloved Australia and partly in Egypt and Gallipoli. Her aim is to show that the course of untold love may be as ruffled as that of revealed love before it attains to complete happiness.

LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C. 4

must admit, in the face of the prejudice which its vanity and squalor are bound to arouse, that it is a beautiful and serious work of art that reminds us of Dostoevsky only because it too is inquisitive about the soul, and because it contains one figure of vast moral significance which is worthy to stand beside Stavrogin. There is a serious obstacle between this admission and the average reader in the wide difference between the actual book and the book which Mr. Lewis evidently intended to write. Mr. Lewis, quite reasonably fearing that the public which accepted the violent and senseless cliché of line which was his contribution to pictorial art may fail to understand his excellent novel, has provided a preface to explain what it is all about; and from this one discovers that he intended the artist Tarr and his spiritual adventures to be the main subject of the book. One is, therefore, inclined to make the book stand or fall according to the success of Tarr, and that part of the story which concerns Tarr is very definitely a failure. He himself, with his air of "having inherited himself last week, and being under great press of business to grasp the details and resources of the concern," and his delightful desire to drive all his fellow artists into commerce in order to prevent them "from becoming arty and silly," is a character of great charm; and a real issue is raised by his thesis that an artist requires at once less and more from sex than other men—less, because "all the delicate psychology another man naturally seeks in a woman, the curiosity of form, windows in other lives, love and passion," he can find in his work, and more, because he must not imperil his creative will by associating with sentimentality or anything at war with reality. But, unfortunately, Mr. Lewis gives us a lop-sided account of his attempts to reconcile these propositions. For while we are given an exhaustive description of how he made his discoveries about sex through his relations with the two German women, Bertha, the gross sentimentalist, and Anastasya, the *Kitsch* Cleopatra from Dresden, his discoveries about art are given us in the form of generalizations, and we are shown only the most momentary glimpses of his relations with his work. Yet surely it is necessary to the development of the thesis that his relations with his work should have been as richly and amply rendered as his relations with sex.

The real achievement of the book, which gives it both its momentary and its permanent value, is Kreisler, the German artist. It was begun, Mr. Lewis tells us, eight years ago, and one seems to remember its serial publication in "The Egoist" some years ago; but it presents a microcosm of the war. In watching Bertha Lunken, the acquiescent sentimentalist, and Kreisler, the murderous clown, whom she evokes by her spurious passions and inspires by her inertia to his most violent atrocity, we have the same baffled feeling with which Europe has watched Germany for the last four years: here are people the whole of whose beings are oriented towards ugliness. Bertha is the complete expression of the kind of German culture one sees in Hauptmann and Sudermann, which lays determined but unintelligent hands on the art of the world and is perpetually suffused with unreal emotion. She lived in "a complete bourgeois-Bohemian interior. Green silk, cloth, and cushions of various vegetable and mineral shades covered everything, in mildewy blight. The cold, repulsive shades of Islands of the Dead, gigantic cypresses, grottos of Teutonic nymphs, had invaded this dwelling. Purple metal and leather steadily dispensed with expensive objects. There was the plaster cast of Beethoven (some people who have frequented artistic circles get to dislike this face extremely), brass jars from Normandy, a photograph of Mona Lisa." And she never failed to give an unreal reaction to every stimulus. "He could not move an eyelid or a muscle without wounding or slighting something. It was like being in a dark kitchen at night, when you know at every step you will put your foot on a beetle." And Kreisler is the complementary type. For even as she is committed to an emotional war upon reality, so he is committed to a war of action upon reality. It is his instinctive function to seize on the normal actions of humanity and turn them into "jokes too deep for laughter," which yet "alienate sorrow and tears"; to pervert reality by violence. We watch him turning life into a bloodstained charivari exactly as we have watched Germany during the war, until, having smirched every phenomenon within reach, he has to turn upon himself and pervert his own life into death. The

figure of this doomed "Superman," this unhappy soul who, Mr. Lewis suggests, was trying "to get out of Art back into life again," who was trying to escape from an insincere and pretentious culture into a more satisfying existence by way of action, can only be compared with Dostoevsky's Nihilist Stavrogin. One can greet "Tarr"—but how much more heartily one would greet it if it were not for that highly emetic scene between Tarr and Anastasya—as a work of art of power and distinction.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Forestry Work." By W. H. WHELLENS. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

W. E. HENLEY once had a forbidding vision—though he did not regard it that way—of a London that stretched from the East Coast to Land's End. Those of us who felt glad to know we would be comfortably dead before that soulless day are now watching with wistful eyes the destroying hands of the lumbermen at work on our woodlands. The war is laying waste Leith Hill as thoroughly as it has the town of Ypres. Our meadows are going, and it is now urged that hedgerows are a nuisance to any properly conducted farm factory. In a little while no poet will care to "tip-toe on a little hill," for below him will stretch merely treeless wastes and brown fields. Perhaps some day a Government may be persuaded to start a scheme of afforestation. If only from a utilitarian view it is an urgent national need. Besides the cleared areas there are large tracts of land available. Then such lucid expositions as Mr. Whellens will be of practical use. He has had a long experience of forestry, and describes in detail every branch of the work.

"The Breaking of the Storm." By Captain C. A. L. BROWNLOW, D.S.O., R.F.A. (Methuen. 6s.)

CAPTAIN BROWNLOW, a gunner officer, has experienced what great numbers of others have experienced. Some thousands of them have told their stories, till by now the public, not being unreasonable people, are willing to admit that there was a Battle of Mons and a British retreat, and a Battle of the Marne with a German retreat. It has been told in books, distinguished and undistinguished. The former kind are not so plentiful that we can afford to let Captain Brownlow's little volume swirl past in the flood. The author fails in places where he fancies something is due to the goddess of fine writing, but generally he forgets himself in the wonder of events. He has a correct sense of the dramatic, which makes his record of what befell him from Mons to the first battle of Ypres a good story of adventure. We have seen no better account than his of the check given to von Kluck at Le Cateau, which saved the British Army from envelopment in the retreat.

"The Foundations of Society in Land: A Review of the Social Systems of the Middle Ages in Britain." By J. W. JEUDWINE. (Williams & Norgate. 18s.)

CONFRONTED with a volume of these proportions, it is a natural instinct of the weak human to glance at the beginning and the end before taking the plunge. The reader feels encouraged when he finds a history which opens with the smiling hope that the coming system of education will mean a general destruction of the manuals that benefit the publishers, with Greek in the elementary schools in view of a possible strike from neurasthenia and the prevalence of the cinema, and closes with a spirited trouncing of Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster disloyalists. He will not be disappointed. Mr. Jeudwine's application of his knowledge of the past to the diagnosis of later conditions is not always convincing, and his attitude to the constitutional historians—he cannot endure them, and he will not leave them alone—amounts to touchiness. But his writing is always fresh, his outlook independent and sincere, and his insistence on first principles—for instance, that the communal system was not, as the school manuals believe, an early English institution, but a common instinct of the human race—is based on sound knowledge. He



## T. FISHER UNWIN'S NEW BOOKS. SECRET SPRINGS OF DUBLIN SONG.

With a Preface by Susan Mitchell. Limited Edition on hand-made paper, 7/6 net.

The book, very finely produced, is sure of being much sought after by the collectors of rare and curious things."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"This book is a unique souvenir of a Dublin holiday, when gods, bards and fairies played musical chairs."—*Irish Independent*.

## THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF IRELAND.

By Ernest A. Boyd. Cloth, 5/- net.

"It is a useful guide. Mr. Boyd has no intention of being tame. He is an Irishman as well as a ready writer on literature."—*The Times*.

"His subject affords him opportunity for that mordant style of writing in which he is at his best."—*Freeman's Journal*.

## ESSAYS: IRISH and AMERICAN.

By John Butler Yeats. With an Appreciation by "Æ." Cloth, 4/6 net.

"Half a dozen essays, acute in their outlook, graceful in expression, and always with an underlying current of caustic wit, make up an attractive little volume."—*Scotsman*.

"One must admire the keen artistic insight of the author, his great love for humanity, his transparent sincerity, and his delightful wit."—*Irish Independent*.

## DEMOCRACY AT THE CROSS ROADS.

By M. D. Petre, author of "The Life of George Tyrrell," etc. Cloth, 4/6 net. (Aug. 14.)

CONTENTS: I.—The Safety of Democracy and the Safety of the World. II.—Leadership. III.—Citizenship. IV.—Dreamers, Thinkers, and Idealists. V.—The Religion of Democracy. VI.—Woman's Part in the New World. VII.—A Last Word.

## HOME RULE and CONSCRIPTION.

By Sir Horace Plunkett. Paper cover, 6d. net.

Have you seen this important pamphlet? It stands out from the mass of pamphleteering literature, which bewilders the average man in search of the truth. Its sanity and statesmanship distinguish it.

T. FISHER UNWIN Ltd., 1, Adelphi Terrace,  
London W.C. 2.

## The Ploughshare

for August is

### A LEAGUE OF NATIONS No.

thoroughly discussing the matter and getting to its roots in Economics.

Send 7d. for specimen copy post free. Subscription 6/6 per ann. The PLOUGHSHARE, Graham House, Tudor St., E.C.4

## HOTELS AND HYDROS.

### AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.  
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. Lift.

### BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. Fred. T. Pamment, Manager.

### MATLOCK.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Turkish, Continental, and Electric Baths.

# SATISFACTION

ALL-ROUND excellence in each department and an unrestricted choice of the highest grade medicines and merchandise, make shopping at Boots both pleasurable and profitable.

555 Branches  
throughout  
the Country



Over 100  
Branches in  
London area

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

# BROADWAY HOUSE LIST

£1,000,000 A DAY SAVED!

**WEALTH FROM WASTE:** Elimination of Waste a World Problem. By PROFESSOR H. J. SPOONER, C.E., F.G.S. With Foreword By LORD LEVERHULME. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

This very important treatise deals with Household Waste—Waste Time—Waste in Management—Waste due to Fatigue—Waste due to Accidents—Waste in Food—Waste due to Adulteration—The Coal Question—The Coming Agricultural Revolution—Waste Land—Neglect of Afforestation, etc. "The subject is a gigantic one, ranging from waste of time to waste of train-tickets. A vigorous campaign against every form of waste, Prof. Spooner writes, would lead to the nation quite easily saving at least a million sterling a day. The book is the result of much thought and research. It is a fascinating subject."—*Westminster Gazette*.

**INDUSTRIAL LOYALTY: Its Value, its Creation, its Preservation.** By BOYD FISHER, Vice-Pres. Executive Club, Detroit.

2s. 6d. net. An extremely valuable American book, giving clearly and concisely a complete programme for STABILIZING INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENT, so important to America now that she has entered the War. It has already been printed in 12 editions and forms in America, the U.S. Government having also recently distributed it in huge quantities throughout the States.

(1) **STUDIES IN ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGY (Animal and Vegetable).** By A. E. BAINES

With 32 Coloured and 158 other Illustrations. 8vo 12s. 6d.

(2) **STUDIES IN ELECTRO-PATHOLOGY**

By A. WHITE ROBERTSON. With Coloured and other Illustrations. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

(1) Breaks new ground throughout, and presents, for the first time so far as the human body is concerned, the case for the Physical as opposed to the Chemical School upon the solid basis of proof. It claims to reveal a fundamental hitherto undiscovered truth, indicating the way to a better understanding of the principle underlying Life itself.

(2) Offers a new view of the nature and functions of the body Lipoids, and is the first book to explain these from the Electro-chemical, as opposed to the purely Chemical view, regarding the body as primarily an Electrical Machine and photo-chemical phenomena as dominating chemical activity. Part III. deals with *The Dielectric in Surgery*, showing that septic wounds can be successfully treated by dielectric substances alone and without recourse to antiseptics (cases given). Appendix II. is on "Quick" Foodstuffs.

**GENERAL SKETCH OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE IN THE CENTURIES OF ROMANCE.** By LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A.

Pp. 428, with Index. Lge. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. Starting with the 12th century, it brings the history down to the year 1637 (including Milton and Calderon), when the French Academy was founded.

"A charming and helpful guide over enchanted ground."—*Scotsman*. "A survey of a wide field both interesting and useful. A very readable volume."—*Spectator*. "A very difficult thing to construct; but a thing well worth attempting, and in this example, a thing very fairly and usefully done."—*Observer*.

### NEW PSYCHICAL LITERATURE

(1) **PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING.** By E. GURNEY, F. W. H. MYERS, and F. PODMORE. A Reset Edition, prepared by Mrs. HENRY SIDGWICK. With 16 Spirit Drawings. 520 pp. Lge. 8vo. 16s. net.

This STANDARD WORK embodies much of the earlier work of the Society for Psychical Research, in particular much valuable discussion by its Hon. Sec., the late E. GURNEY. 183 "Cases" are given in full. It still forms the basis on which present-day work on TELEPATHY, and especially on APPARITIONS, rests.

The First Impression being already nearly sold out, a Second Impression is now at press.

(2) **SIR WILLIAM BARRETT'S ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN.** A Third Impression is at press. 7s. 6d. net. Everyone interested in Psychical Research is discussing this book, by one of the founders of the S.P.R., which, *The Contemporary Review* says, "it is a pleasure to welcome."

(3) **"I HEARD A VOICE"; or The Great Exploration.** By A KING'S COUNSEL. 6s. net. A Second Impression is now at press.

"It will remain a classic in spiritualistic literature, and we may hope that we shall soon see the continuation of these records published in a second book."—*Light*.

(4) **HOW TO SPEAK WITH THE DEAD:** a Practical Handbook. By SCIENS. 3s. 6d. net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., LTD.  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.

describes the bodies politic which were commonwealths in the past, and the conditions of social life in the British Isles from the twelfth century, proving that the picture drawn by Tacitus of the German system of common cultivation of the soil by the group family applied, with some modifications, to the conditions in Britain eleven hundred years later. In certain parts of Europe it has survived till our own time. Mr. Jeudwine traces its degeneration into feudal ownership, illustrates the contrasts between the two social systems, and describes the enclosures of the waste and the driving out of the small freeholder. Ireland takes up a large part of the book because it is a chief authority for early communal conditions. Our historian is angry with the English writer, who, judging from his own national standpoint, ignores the Irish records. At the end of the thirteenth century Ireland was still rich and prosperous. Centuries of misgovernment and vindictiveness spread misery over the land. Mr. Jeudwine points out that the strength of the Irish communal society is shown by its powers of recovery from oppression: "Desolation has come from the determination of the English to destroy that system." A word is due to the artistic map by Miss Joan Kingsford, showing the trade activities of the British Isles in the Middle Ages. This description sounds unexhilarating, but the map is really a joyous production.

\* \* \*

**"The 'America's' Cup Races."** By HERBERT L. STONE. (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

A REFRESHING book. It is a welcome reminder of past and better days. As to the latter half of it, with its gossip of "Shamrocks," "Defenders," Sir Thomas Lipton, Charles Barr, "Archie" Hogarth, Lord Dunraven, right up to the last race, it has a special appeal, no doubt, to yachtsmen, and is technical enough to satisfy them, without turning aside those who enjoy reading about races, whether of horses, aeroplanes, or yachts. But we found the first half of the book the more entertaining. There is no doubt that "America," which was really a New England pilot schooner, was a very beautiful ship, fit for any work, as the plans and pictures of this book show. When her lines, as given on page 24, are compared with the modern racing yachts at the other end of the volume, then a sailor may be allowed to doubt whether the "Shamrocks" and others were ships at all.

\* \* \*

**"General Smuts's Campaign in East Africa."** By Brig.-Gen. J. H. V. CROWE, C.B. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

WE think this is the first authoritative survey of the prolonged campaign in tropical Africa. General Smuts himself contributes an introduction which is in the nature of an apology for his strategy; but no man who sees essentials so rapidly, and expresses his opinions upon them with such lucidity, is ever likely to meet with much opposition in practical affairs; and obviously would not care if he did. It is a relief to turn from reading of the war near at hand to that campaign in the most interesting and beautiful tropical region on earth, where to the horrors of war were added the adventitious excitements of lions, jungles, cannibals, great swamps, and high plateaux so full of the game that they are like the lands of past geological epochs. Distance lends the usual false enchantment to this war, for only an old traveller will appreciate the full measure of the enemy to be fought—malaria, sleeping sickness, dysentery, black-water, and much else; let us remember, too, that all our troops did not have the experience of Selous. Very many of the men had never before been to the tropics; they went straight from home to a world where the dangers are so deceitful that the newcomer never believes they are present till too late. This is a very well-written and interesting narrative by the commander of the Royal Artillery in the campaign.

\* \* \*

**"Asia Minor Illustrated."** By WALTER A. HAWLEY. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. HAWLEY's volume is more than reminiscences of old journeys in a land now closed to us. He really knows Asia Minor, and although the volume describes itself as "a brief sketch" of its physiography and history, it is rather more than that. It is a simple and pleasing account of travel, for one thing, with much that is informative of the people, their

villages, their work, and of archaeological matters which, when concerning Asia Minor, have an interest beyond their appeal to specialists.

\* \* \*

**"War Pensions and Allowances."** By J. M. HOGGE, M.P., and T. H. GARSIDE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

THIS is a most valuable little guide through the innumerable Warrants, Orders and Instructions, the complexity of which needs expert statement and guidance. Here it is. The volume includes a list of the addresses of offices and paymasters, and a directory of war organization and committees.

\* \* \*

**"Alsace-Lorraine: Past, Present, and Future."** By COLEMAN PHILLIPSON. (Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)

As there is no escape from this problem, it must be faced, and Mr. Phillipson's is a barrister's competent and dispassionate survey of what the problem is, historically, economically, from the view of nationalists and romanticists—indeed, from all angles. A study of this excellent survey with its maps and references is necessary for those who really wish to know what they are talking about when they are discussing the war.

## The Week in the City.

THE outburst of Stock Market optimism which characterized last week has been followed by less activity. But the firmness on the whole continues. Consols, for example, stood at 56½ on Thursday, and home rails have been well maintained. It is remarkable that Underground £10 shares are a trifle higher than at the end of July, 1914, and Districts at 21½ are also practically where they were before the war. Among miscellaneous securities, the Marconi group has been supported, Siemens have risen to 6½, and General Electric new shares are at over 4 premium. Money has been fairly plentiful and discount rates are weaker at about 3 7-16. Sales of National War Bonds have again decreased, but that may be due to the holidays. The difficulties in the gold mines of South Africa are likely to produce a raising of the exchange price, and, as a consequence, there has been some improvement in Kaffir shares. Thursday's Bank return showed a fair recovery in the Reserve and also in the Proportion of Reserve to Liabilities.

### WATNEY, COMBE, REID.

The doubling of the dividend on the Deferred Stock by Watney, Combe, Reid & Co., prepared the way for some good figures in the report for the year ended June 30th, last. The profit on trading account rose from £836,900 to £1,195,700, and net profit from £516,600 to £943,300. A sum of £250,000 is set aside for provision for Deferred Maintenance and Contingencies, and £50,000 goes to a special reserve account for redemption of capital. No such allocations were made a year ago. After payment of the dividend of 16 per cent. on the Deferred Stock, a balance of £209,000 is carried forward as compared with £89,500 brought in. A year ago, directors explained that the good results shown were due to the use of stocks of barley bought at a comparatively low figure in 1915, but it is now stated that these are exhausted, and that the increase in the beer duty, even on the basis of the present restricted output, will involve an extra charge of at least £300,000 per annum.

### THE RISE IN RUSSIAN STOCKS.

One of the most striking features in the Foreign Market of late has been the marked improvement in the value of Russian Securities. The chaos and uncertainty produced by the revolution resulted in values sinking to a very low level, but since the outlook has brightened a little, values have taken a turn for the better. The table below illustrates the extent of the rise that has taken place:—

Description.	Price July 27, 1918	Lowest Price 1918 (to date).	Price Aug. 2, 1918.	Rise from 1918.
Russian Government 5% 1822 ...	117	47½	60	12½
Do. 5% 1906 ...	96	42	55	13
Do. 4½% 1909 ...	94	33½	46	12½
Armavir Touapsee Rly. 4½% Bonds ...	93½	31	41	10
Black Sea-Kuban Rly. 4½% Bonds ...	93½	31½	41	9½
Kokand Namagan Rly. 4½% Bonds ...	93½	30½	41	10½
Russian South-Eastern Rly. 4½% Bonds ...	—	34	44	10
Baku (City of) 5% Gold Loan ...	91	32½	41	8½
Petrograd (City of) 4½% 1913 ...	93½	32½	36½	3½
Kyshtim Corporation £1 ...	—	1½	1½	—

Until quite recently it was a difficult matter to find a buyer of Russian securities, but the position has now been reversed and buyers have difficulty in obtaining stock. There is at present a good speculative demand, and it seems likely that the rise has not reached its full extent. No quotation is yet given for the Russian rate of exchange.

LUCCELLUM.



